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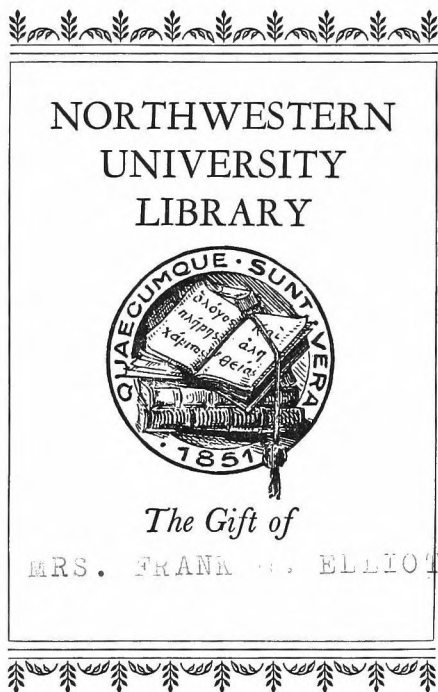
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*Letters  
from  
Cilicia*







For Mrs. Frank M. Elliott  
from Alice Teys Clark  
1924







ALICE KEEP CLARK











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# Letters from Cilicia

*by*

Alice Keep Clark

PRESS OF A. D. WEINTHROP & CO.  
CHICAGO, U. S. A.



*To my father and my mother whose  
absolute sympathy and keen interest  
kept them close to me in spirit every  
day that we were separated.*

*Alice Keep Clark*

## FOREWORD

ON February 16, 1919, the "Leviathan" left New York for Brest, carrying a company of nearly two hundred and fifty Near East Relief workers on their way to Turkey and Syria. The journey from Brest to Marseilles was made in an American ambulance train and the last lap of the trip to Constantinople was on the "Gloucester Castle," a British hospital ship. Constantinople was the point from which workers were sent into the interior. The plan was to carry on relief largely in "occupied" territory where the Allies were in control, but as time went on and the Turks became restless, it proved to be less dangerous to be in so called "unoccupied" regions.

The following story is made of extracts from letters written to the author's family in America and from her journal, kept during the latter part of the time when the city of Hadjin and the compound on the outskirts were besieged by the Turks and postal and telegraphic communication with the rest of the world was cut off.



## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

*February Twenty-fifth*

It is difficult to realize that it was only day before yesterday that we landed at Brest. It was interesting to be at the canteen; in fact, this glimpse of France so soon after the war is very worth while. The cross-country ride to Marseilles that I dreaded has proved anything but difficult. Sunday night at eight o'clock we marched to the station and boarded the ambulance train which consists of fourteen cars, along each side of which are three tiers of iron berths with army blankets and pillows. During the day the middle berth is taken down and put on the lower one, making a good seat. The regulations are strict, lights are out at ten and we must be up and dressed by half after seven in the morning. At meal times, enamel plates and cups are passed by the orderlies and we have regular soldiers' food. In the morning, dry bread, bacon and coffee and this noon we had "slum gullion" (veal stew), dry bread, coffee and bread pudding. We have had almost constant  
*rain*



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rain since leaving the "Leviathan" but this morning our eyes opened to blue skies and scenery not unlike that of Italy, with dark cypresses, grey-green olive trees and red-tiled roofs with the snow capped Cevennes Mountains in the background. Blossoming almond trees give a touch of pink and the air is like an elixir. Think of stopping at Tarascon and Arles and not being allowed to even step out on the platform!

### *February Twenty-sixth*

The "Gloucester Castle" was being held for us when we arrived at two this afternoon, after our sixty-six hours' journey across France. We sail in an hour, and the post closes in fifteen minutes. We go to Salonika and hope that we can be taken on to Constantinople but it all depends on the orders of the British Admiralty.

### *March First*

On we sail, with Africa not far away. Our course lies outside of Sicily, not through the straits of Messina, on account of the mines. We are provided with a mine sweeper but it is not yet put in position. There are several interesting passengers, among them a British General on his way to Baku, one of the "Fighting Goughs," who was at one time in command of England's Fifth Army.

*Our*

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Our company taxes the capacity of the ship and we are packed in like emigrants. It is rather of a mess, with our luggage either on or under our bunks. I wish I could picture my surroundings and my companions in a way to make them real to you. Yesterday I had a little chat with the 3rd officer and he told me many of his experiences. When war was declared, he was on a ship that put into Algiers. The French would not let them coal, so, as he said, "We just toddled down to 'Gib'" and there loaded. Five German ships tried to dash out of the Mediterranean but they held them at the Rock, firing from those holes so guarded from sight.

### *March Third*

I woke at six, had my salt water bath, and dressing quickly, went on deck to see the islands that I spied from the port near my bunk. I found that the one on our right was Andros, where fifteen years ago Robert and I stopped, and to our left, the snow capped peaks of Attica rose clear against the sky. The sea is rough and the sky overcast but at times the sun comes out and there are bright patches on the water.

### *March Fourth*

I hurried on deck at seven this morning for a glimpse of the last of a rosy sunrise and a most  
*wonderful*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

wonderful mountain panorama. Snow-clad Mount Olympus looked worthy of the gods. We came into Salonika harbor at nine o'clock, passing on the way the British steamer "Norseland," torpedoed by the Germans and beached with one end high in air.

We are well out from land and we are not certain what our movements are to be although we are hoping that permission will be granted us to go to Constantinople in this ship. I am anxious to see something of Salonika, but it all depends on the report which Dr. White, who has gone on shore, brings back. The place is said to be terribly dirty and filled with refugees and soldiers from every clime. There has been typhus and landing may be forbidden. The view of the city is most alluring from this distance.

### *March Sixth*

Permission has been given to continue on this ship to Constantinople and we sail this afternoon. Tuesday we were allowed to go ashore and Mrs. Underwood and I wandered about a bit on the water front crowded with humanity. We counted at least ten nationalities during our stroll. There was much wind and attendant dust and the people were so dirty that we hated to have our clothes touch them. Later we walked through some of the narrow streets where there were many sad but  
*picturesque*

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picturesque sights. A large part of the city was burned a year ago and the refugees are living as they can. The British have put up great barracks to house them, but many cling to their old homes and in a corner of a burned shell of a building we saw a family sheltered by a flapping canvas, cooking over a fire built on the ground. In a Greek Catholic Church, we saw some interesting mosaics—a Madonna back of the altar and in the dome a procession of saints.

This morning, as I came on deck, we were near the island of Tenedos and not long afterward we reached the entrance to the Dardanelles.

It was, and continues to be, a thrilling experience to see the shores of Gallipoli. We had a near view of the "River Clyde" on the beach where the troops were landed, and not long afterward we saw the wrecked "Majestic." We are now, at noon, anchored off the town of Chanak at the narrow part of the Dardanelles, half way to the Sea of Marmora. We have taken on a company of Sikhs bound for Constantinople. They have built their own stoves of mud on the lower forward deck, where they can cook their food according to the rules of their caste. I am watching little sail boats dancing on the water while back of them rise green and brown slopes where sheep are grazing. A cluster of dull red-roofed houses, far off purple hills and overhead an exquisite blue sky flecked  
*with*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

with fleecy clouds completes the picture. We are hoping to reach Constantinople tomorrow afternoon, but this delay makes it uncertain.

### *March Ninth*

Yesterday morning we dropped anchor in the Sea of Marmora. The sun was not yet up but as it grew light we looked out at the mosques and minarets, lovely in the early morning. It was a little cloudy but there was a beauty that in its way equaled that of a sunny day. About ten o'clock, while we were still some way from the land, several of the leaders of our party went ashore. Upon their return we were told where we were to stay. Most of the number were assigned to a hotel on the island of Principo, a few to Robert College and the American College for Girls, about forty are being cared for in sleeping cars at the railroad station, and six, I among the number, are at Gedik Pasha, the girls' school of our Missionary Board in Stamboul. I am delighted to be here with Mrs. Marden and Miss Jones. The hotels in the city are crowded and although not all are pleased with the arrangements, it is the best that can be done. I count myself most fortunate. I wish you could have seen our little party making its way to this place. Miss Holt, who speaks Turkish, secured three porters, called "hamals," who carried our hand luggage and we followed on foot. We  
*crossed*



## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

crossed the famous Galata bridge and passed by and along with a motley crowd. It had rained in the morning and the cobble stones were slippery with mud. Motors, carriages and ox carts went by, splashing us. Men in fezzes, beggars in rags, veiled women and others either unveiled or with veils thrown boldly back, passed us and the air was thick with the ever present indescribable odors of the Orient.

On and on we plodded by circuitous ways until panting and hot we arrived. We received a cordial welcome and it was good to be in a home and later, to rest in a real bed. The sleeping rooms and the living room are on the fourth floor and we have a magnificent view out over the Marmora.

### *March Twelfth*

It has been proposed that I go to Hadjin and I am glad of the opportunity. You know how I have longed to be in the interior. I am sure that it must be true of Turkey, as we found it true of China, that it is not in the great cities that one gets nearest to the people.

It is a great satisfaction to think of being associated with Edith Cold. Now that she has returned to Turkey, Miss Vaughan will be able to take her long overdue furlough and it may be that we two will be the only Americans in Hadjin. You need have no anxiety about me, for when we go the

*British*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

British will send a guard so that we shall not be molested on the way and, once in the city, there is nothing to fear.

Conditions are very chaotic in Constantinople. People don't know how things are going to turn. England has her hands full and France does not seem equal to the task. The Armenians have absolute liberty, even carrying the Armenian flag. This enrages the Turks but they have no power to interfere. It is not safe to be out after dark on account of the shooting. I have heard pistol shots several times in the evening. Last night I slept little and I could hear the watchman going his rounds beating on the cobble stones with his club, giving marauders ample time to make their escape. By three o'clock his knocks became violent.

### *March Fourteenth*

This living in a state of uncertainty as to where I am to go and when, is wearing. I have not yet been appointed to Hadjin, although I still hope to go there. Several of the missionaries, Edith Cold included, are to start in a day or two for Adana. Since that city is the point of departure for Hadjin, I should suppose I could join this party but it is difficult for those in charge of the expedition to get us all located in a minute. I am thankful that this is not my first visit to Constantinople, for everyone is so busy that there is little opportunity  
for

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

for sightseeing. The other day when I went to S. Sophia I was surprised to find Turkish soldiers quartered in the courts close to the mosque.

I enjoyed going about by myself this morning. There were such interesting sights when I could lift my eyes from the rough cobble stones. The most direct route to the Bible House is through the Grand Bazaar, a great building filled with booths, where buying and selling goes on with much talk and gesticulation. I try not to brush against the people but it is difficult in the press.

### *March Sixteenth*

Another Sunday and I am still here with no definite plan for leaving. The Adana party has gone and I feel a bit disheartened. I think that from February 16th to March 16th, 1919, is the longest month through which I have ever lived. If twelve months are just twelve times as long, I shall be snowy haired and tottering into my grave when I reach home. Not that I am so miserable but the time has seemed interminable. I certainly have no right to complain when I think of the dear women here at the school and realize all they have endured these war years. They are plucky to the last degree. Their joy in the boxes which have just come is touching. Now there can be a respite from the patching upon patching they have had to do.

*March*

L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

*March Twenty-third*

I have had a beautiful day at Robert College. I had luncheon with Mrs. Erwin and then made one or two calls: everyone is most cordial. I went out by tram but, in company with Miss Barker, the return journey was on the Bosphorus. We expected the boat would make but one stop on the way but instead of this we went from shore to shore, first in Europe, then in Asia. As Miss Barker said, we "dolashed" all the way home. It was a memorable trip, stopping at one time near a most beautiful marble palace where Abdul Aziz lived and died, and docking at another place near a marble building where relatives of the Sultan used to be entertained. The setting sun shone on domes of mosques as we finally steamed into the Golden Horn in a blaze of glory.

Yesterday we had tea with a Persian princess, a friend of Miss Allen. She is of Swiss birth, but, on marrying the prince, she became a Moham-medan, and, although dressing "a la Franka" in the house, she wears a charshaf on the street. The prince is in the Caucasus trying to enlist the support of the British in his pretensions to the Persian throne. The princess received us in a pale pink silk gown. She is young and rather pretty. Her little daughter, Ferouk, an elfish looking child, was very cunning and friendly. The mother speaks Turkish, Greek, French and English.

*After*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

After some music, we were served with tea and delicious little cakes, and very soon made our adieus.

### *Later*

Word has just come that the list of appointments is posted and I am down for Hadjin. There is no word as to when we start and Mrs. Marden thinks I will not reach Hadjin until May, but I can at least get as far as Adana. General Allenby is on his way from Paris and as we shall be in his district, we can't go anywhere until he gives the word that there are enough soldiers for the region. There has been trouble in Aleppo but we have heard no details.

### *March Twenty-fourth*

Five of us took a most interesting trip recently to the Eyub Mosque at the end of the Golden Horn. Eyub is counted a very fanatical place but everyone was most friendly to us. It is blossom-time and I can't tell you how delightful it was to get away from the great dirty city and breathe the sweet air of the country. The mosque is greatly venerated as the place where the Sultans, at the time of taking the throne, make their vows and are presented with a sword. The room where this ceremony takes place is too sacred to be profaned by the feet of Christians but we were *permitted*

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mitted to peep through a tiny opening for a glimpse of the beautiful tiled walls. We went into another nearby mosque and, shuffling along in the slippers which were provided at the door, were careful to follow the directions of Mr. Emrich and not stand in front of any kneeling Moslem. Presently a good looking old Turk, having finished his devotions, came forward offering to take us about the place. He was a kadi (judge) and was most friendly, reproving a Turkish officer who scowled at us. Our new friend took us to another mosque, the burial place of Abdul Hamid's predecessor, and which is guarded night and day by some of the Whirling Dervishes. Back of Eyub and high up on the hillside lies a most picturesque cemetery, and we climbed to the top for the extended view of the Golden Horn with the "Sweet Waters of Europe" to our right in the foreground and, in the distance, the minarets of Constantinople piercing the blue sky.

### *April Second*

The word that comes from the interior telling of the starving thousands makes me impatient of the delay in getting to work. We learn of many sad conditions in this country and in Russia. The evacuation of Odessa is the latest horror. Yesterday, I met an American who had just reached Constantinople from that city. He is a representative



## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

tative of the McCormick Harvester Company of Chicago and has lived in Russia twenty-six years. A week ago, he and his wife made their escape from Odessa on board the steamer "Nicolai II." The details of what he saw when the Bolsheviks took the place and began killing the inhabitants were sickening. Thousands of Russian refugees are on ships lying in the harbor here and the problem of feeding them is a difficult one.

Last Friday, Miss Barker took four of us to see the Whirling Dervishes. We were fortunate in getting places in the gallery of the mosque so that we could look down on the men. First they knelt in their dark robes and high brown fezzes, while a weird orchestra of dervishes played on curious instruments in a small enclosed place next to us. After a time the kneeling men rose and, taking off their shoes and outer robes, walked slowly around the edge of the mosque going through an elaborate bowing ceremony as they passed three aged dervishes with white bands around their fezzes. This was repeated three times and then the whirling began, one first and then another, until all were in the ring. The men wore long skirts that flared out as they whirled, suggesting the fine "cheeses" they would make. Some had white skirts and some green. One of the green whirlers after spinning round and round, as if on a pivot for almost ten minutes, came to a dead stop without a  
*trace*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

trace of dizziness. The whirling was repeated three times by all the men, followed by a final ceremonial marching and hand kissing. The performance lasted an hour and a half and although the air was heavy with odors and dust, I was glad to have seen it. Yesterday Mr. Heinz, son of the 57 varieties, and food administrator for the Near East under Hoover, came to tea. He had interesting stories to tell of visits with King Boris of Bulgaria, who appeared to be anxious to rule wisely. He told us of lunching with the King of Roumania, where he talked with a Russian Grand Duchess, a cousin of the late Czar, whose father, two brothers and three uncles had within a few months been murdered by the Bolsheviks.

### *April Thirteenth*

I can hardly believe the good news, but tomorrow the Adana and Aleppo party starts. This afternoon I went to the American College for Girls, on the Bosphorus. The weather was perfect and it was a beautiful trip, with the Judas trees in blossom and wistaria, white and purple, clambering over walls and doorways. I must get my belongings together for we make an early start in the morning, going to Derindje on the sub-chaser, where we make our last preparations before starting on the five days' journey to Adana.

*April*

L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

*April Twenty-first*

Let me begin by telling you of our trip on the chaser. There was an order for us to land at Principo and, as we neared the island, we were signaled by a British chaser that was having engine trouble. We took on board the Danish Minister. He was accompanied by his kavass, a gorgeous looking creature. The British dreadnought "Marlborough" was lying at anchor not far away and the Danish official was taken directly there, where he was received with much ceremony.

The reason for his visit was the presence of the Dowager Czarina of Russia, a refugee from Yalta. The Grand Duke Michael, with various other dukes and duchesses and members of the aristocracy, who had escaped only with their lives, were on the ship. We landed on Principo and ate our luncheon in a lovely garden near a house built out over the water, a place much liked by Edward VII. of England. \* \* \* Our quarters in Derindje were on the fifth floor of one of the enormous warehouses erected by the Germans for freight houses at this station of the Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad. The whole place is under military regulations and all of the relief workers, assigned here even temporarily, have regular hours and duties—the chief work being the checking and sorting of relief materials. Since our party was booked to leave in two days, we had our hands full  
*in*

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in attending to our requisitions for the journey as well as for our stations. Derindje is situated almost at the end of a long arm of the Marmora, and across the water rise beautiful mountains.

Those of us who were bound for the interior were busy all day in getting the box cars, in which we were to travel, cleaned and fitted up to make the five days' journey comfortable. We have six cars—four of which serve as our living cars, one for luggage and boxes and one for the cook car. The flat car with the Case tractor makes an excellent observation car on which we take turns in riding. There are thirty in our party and we have two Armenian cooks. Our section makes part of a long train of freight cars and we have an English guard of five men.

From Derindje to Aregli we saw British soldiers at all the stations, then for a little less than a hundred miles, where the boundaries are in dispute, Turkish guards, and now at Bozanti, where we are stopping for some hours, the Hindus, impressive in khaki turbans and trim uniforms, are on duty. To give you an idea of how we live, let me describe our car where there are six women. We have iron beds, sheets, pillows, blankets, two chairs, three wash basins, towels, two buckets and a short ladder for getting in and out of the car. The four windows are small square openings with iron bars. Our meals are prepared in the cook  
*car*

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car and plates, implements and food are passed to us, the hours for meals being regulated by our stops. We are having a remarkably comfortable journey. During the day both of the wide side doors of the car are kept open and we sit on chairs, the ends of beds and boxes, and feast our eyes on the wonderful panorama of ever-changing beauty spread out before us.

I had no idea that there was such magnificent scenery in Turkey. I imagine China will always hold its spell over me but for riot of color in the peoples' dress and picturesqueness of town and country nothing can exceed what I have seen this last week in Turkey. Of course one must remember that I am seeing the country in the most favorable season. The fields, which later will be brown and sere, now are fresh and green with grain. Flowers bloom on every hand. Heavenly forget-me-nots in big blue masses look like bits of reflected sky; scarlet poppies nod on their slender stems and there are masses of some flower, the name of which I do not know, that rejoice my very soul with its amethyst color. Lilacs are in bloom and at the same time roses are in their glory. Flocks of sheep and goats graze on the hillsides and now and then we pass a string of camels. Just at sunset two women cross a field not far away, one wearing an enveloping floating garment of orange color and the other one of red, like a flame. We  
*stopped*

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stopped over Sunday in Konia and I was fortunate enough to be invited to spend the time as a guest at the American hospital. Konia is the Iconium of Paul and later was the capital of Turkey.

Miss Cushman has been there all through the war and, as relations with other countries were broken off, she took on the office of consul until she represented unofficially thirteen different nations. She has had thrilling experiences and she was good enough to share some of them with me. It was Easter and when I appeared in the morning I was greeted by the native nurses who said, "The Lord is risen," and I was told that my reply should be, "He is risen indeed."

### *April Twenty-fifth*

Before I speak of my present surroundings I must tell you of the rest of the journey from Konia. We reached Bozanti late in the evening and stayed there until nearly noon the following day. The Hindus stationed there are fine, upstanding men and their discipline is perfect. Bozanti is an important post because it is at one end of the long tunnel which was constructed by the Germans. It was finished just at the time of the Armistice so that the British were the first to use it. Our train was a long one—eighteen cars beside our seven, and we had two engines to pull us. The rolling stock of the Berlin-to-Bagdad road is ready  
for

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for the scrap heap. The engines keep giving out and some of our long stops were made to give an opportunity to tinker with the machinery. After a wonderful ride through mountain gorges, we came out on the Adana plain and about four in the afternoon we reached Adana itself. I am to stay in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Chambers and have my meals at the school with Miss Mary Webb. Everyone is so kind, so anxious to make me comfortable and help me off to Hadjin. There will be some delay in getting a man to conduct the little party. Miss Webb will go with me as far as Sis, the town on the edge of the plain, and there Miss Vaughan will meet me. I shall have with me, Alethea, the Greek young woman, and Mary Kahyan, an Armenian, who is to teach music at the school. I found a letter from Edith, who is in Hadjin anxiously awaiting me. Miss Vaughan will leave for America as soon as I am installed.

### *April Twenty-ninth*

Two days ago, Sunday, Dr. Haas said at supper, "I think you would better know what is going to happen, so that if you hear any disturbance you will not be alarmed. At six o'clock tomorrow morning the city will be surrounded by Indian troops and an order will be issued that all guns in the possession of the natives are to be brought to the Government House. Both Turks and Armenians

*are*



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are known to have weapons and if, during the twenty-four hours following the order, sufficient guns are not surrendered to make it seem probable that the command has been complied with a house to house search will be made. Any person found in possession of arms will be shot."

You can imagine it sounded startling, for when the English say a thing they mean it. Monday was quiet but the response from the people was not satisfactory, so the search began on Tuesday. As we were finishing dinner about one o'clock there was a disturbance in the street just below the window, and we looked out to see a number of British soldiers with a machine gun making a thorough matter of the hunt. A little later, in a nearby house, several bombs were found as well as a Mauser and two Martinis, and the man who had concealed them was immediately shot.

### *May Eleventh*

Hadjin at last! Let me tell you, however, that it is Hadjin, Cilicia, not Turkey. I certainly did not anticipate when leaving Adana that I should be eight days on the road but so it proved. Dr. Chambers had engaged two arabas (wagons) to carry the trunks and boxes and we were to ride in a yaila, a covered wagon with springs. Our permission to travel out of Adana had been secured, the government had given us five gendarmes for  
*a guard*



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a guard and we expected to get on the road by six o'clock Friday morning. It was seven before the arabas were loaded and when the vehicle arrived for us it proved to be a carriage with a back seat of ordinary width and the front one about five inches wide. I was for getting a second carriage but no one seemed to think that possible and so we set forth on our two days' trip to Sis with Miss Webb and me on the back seat, Alethea on the little front seat and Mary up with the driver. I wish you could have seen our party as we rode out of the city escorted by our guards, each one of whom carried a gun and a knife as well as a belt of ammunition with three rows of bullets—in fact, one of the men had, beside the belt around his waist, two crossed over his chest. The first part of the trip to Sis is not particularly interesting, as the country is level and the road exceedingly poor. Aside from having to stop from time to time to tie up the harness, our journey was without incident until late in the afternoon, when one of the wheels came off. It was getting late and for a little time things looked serious but the men pounded it on in some fashion and we managed to reach a small Turkish village where we could spend the night. Avedis Effendi, our driver, was a great friend of the head man and he took us to his house. We were greeted with the greatest cordiality and escorted to a kind of platform called a throne, where the people sleep in  
*warm*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

warm weather. Turkish coffee was served by one of the two wives and then both wives and the two sets of children looked us over and made frank comments on our clothes and our features.

The women were very picturesque with bands of gold coins across their foreheads and colored strings and beads braided in their hair. Their garments, too, were interesting—full baggy trousers with broad sashes of gay colors. The house was made of sun dried mud bricks and the room reserved for guests, to which we were taken, had a hard dirt floor over which several small rugs were spread, but there was no furniture. We hurriedly got out our food for fear we might have to eat with the family. Miss Webb and I had our traveling beds and the girls their deosheks, and we made our arrangements for the night as quickly as possible. We felt quite comfortable and anticipated a reasonably refreshing sleep.

But alas for our hopes! I had just settled down when something dropped on my hand. I lighted my faithful lantern and made the pleasing discovery that a bird had its nest just above me. I moved my bed and again tried to sleep, but there were many uninvited guests, in other words, fleas and bed bugs, so that I was in agony. To add to the gaiety of nations, there was a sudden shower and water began to drip from several holes onto the bed.

*Fortunately*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

Fortunately the rain was soon over but the night could hardly be called restful. We were up at half past four and by six o'clock were on the road again. We had some rain during the day but got into Sis by five o'clock. There were fine views this second day. Old ruined castles on high peaks, dating back to the time of Armenia's greatness, and snow capped mountains were always in sight. Dr. Chambers had telegraphed Hadjin that I would reach Sis on Saturday and I understood that he had received an answer before we started from Adana. We went to the school building which had recently been returned to the Armenians by the Turks and made ourselves very comfortable, using several of the rooms which were absolutely free from invaders. Avedis, (who is a Hadjin man just back from exile) telegraphed to Miss Vaughan and found that she had not received word but that she would start Monday morning. By riding fast and hard she reached us Tuesday noon. In the meantime I had had a little ill turn and it was not possible to set out on the last stage of our journey until Thursday.

Beyond Sis we could not use wagons so it was necessary to secure horses and mules. Miss Vaughan had brought her new horse Victor for me to ride. We were dressed before light, for the loading of the animals was a tedious business. Trunks and everything else had to be fastened to  
*pack*

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pack saddles. We hoped to get camels, but none were available at the time. As our procession left the town the mutasarif galloped up and escorted us a mile on our way. He was a Turk and wished to show us this courtesy. Miss Vaughan was anxious that I should not get overtired so she insisted that we should not travel too long at a time. We were quite a cavalcade, for several Armenian men had joined our caravan, feeling safer to travel in company.

By two o'clock the order to halt was given and we ate our dinner and rested in a sweet green meadow near a stream.

Since we planned to make a four o'clock start the next morning we decided to have our tent pitched in this pleasant spot and go no further that day. One of the Armenians galloped off and in half an hour was back with a live sheep slung across his saddle bow. He said that he had represented to the owner of the flock that the daughter of a famous British general was in the party and it was fitting that a sheep be killed in her honor. We patted its head and almost immediately it was taken to a little distance, killed and the flesh while yet warm, suspended over the fire and roasted. Although it was not inviting, I tasted a small bit that I might miss no experience. The men kept the fire burning all night and made no pretense of sleeping so that, with the shouting and singing, we in the tent slept none too soundly.

*We*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

We rose before light that the picketed animals might be brought together and loaded. It was lovely to watch the morning light steal into the valley. Flocks of sheep and goats came down to the stream to drink and then, guided by the voices of the shepherds who followed, they turned back to the path and forming a single line trotted quietly along. The different flocks did not mingle, for each sheep knew his shepherd and he was known of them. There were hundreds that passed us and I soon lost count as we stood waiting for them to go on before we could start on our way. By afternoon the rain came down in torrents and it was with difficulty that we pitched our tent and endeavored to partially dry ourselves and our belongings. The following morning the skies were lowering, but the sun fought its way out and by nine o'clock nature was smiling. Shortly after leaving Sis we reached the Taurus foothills and the rest of the way was entrancing in its beauty. We passed early on this third day through a mountain gorge that reminded me of the Gorge de la Chiffa near Algiers. The rushing water of the Sihun danced far below our path. I was glad that Victor was a mountain horse when the road became a ledge of rock hanging to the edge of a sheer cliff. When we were three miles from Hadjin, we stopped at a mossy spring to rest. We had no more than dismounted when up galloped three men who, having put spurs to their horses, brought  
*them*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

them to a stop, lathered with foam. This display of speed is most pleasing to an Oriental but, from what I have observed, the people don't fancy haste so much when it involves their own action. This proved to be the first of a series of welcoming committees posted along the way. Hiaratoon Effendi, who is the kaimakam (mayor), the gendarme commandant and another official formed this first group. After salutations and many compliments, the company, augmented by these three, rode toward the city.

Let me tell you of a funny little incident of the road. Hiaratoon Effendi is a loyal friend to the missionaries and has been to the compound to see Miss Vaughan many times during the war. This was her first journey away from Hadjin in four years. The friends of the compound know that mother is president of our Board and this was the amusing statement made by the kaimakam:

"Miss Clark is the daughter of the president of the Board in America and she is accorded the same honor and respect in her country as that given to the daughter of President Wilson. She is a great lady." I ached with suppressed mirth when this was translated, but I thought it might be a help in the work and it was a pity to disabuse his mind.

Presently we came within sight of Hadjin, which is most picturesquely situated on the hillside with the mountains rising high above it. At the point where we had our first glimpse of the city,

*we*

HADJIN









## L E T T E R S     F R O M     C I L I C I A

we found a group of girls standing on either side of the road. They carried green branches in their hands and, as we walked our horses slowly, they sang a song of welcome and scattered roses on our path. These were Hadjin Home girls, and I confess to having been teary round the lashes as I looked down into their eager upturned faces. They fell in at the rear and we moved on a few paces to where a company of the representative Armenian men gave their word of greeting. Our procession, now of some length, passed along with no stop until we came to a great overhanging rock, on top of which ten or a dozen young men with their native musical instruments gave their welcome. As we neared Hadjin, many of the curious lined the way and we crossed the little stone bridge and entered into the city. As we passed the Government House, the gendarmes were all lined up and saluted as we went by. The girls and some of the young boys now preceded us and our line was headed by a lad who carried aloft a young tree which he had uprooted. From doorways and from roofs, women looked at us. I said to myself, "Let her which is on the housetop not come down," for as we wound our way along the narrow filthy streets, up and yet up, we were crowded by the multitude and wanted no additions to the number.

Hadjin is wonderfully situated, three thousand five hundred feet above sea level, with the mountains that surround it rising a thousand feet higher  
*but*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

but the city itself is wretched beyond description. In nineteen fifteen, after the Turks had deported practically all of the twenty-five thousand Armenians who made up the bulk of the population, they attempted to destroy the city by fire. They succeeded so well that of the forty-five hundred houses only five hundred are standing. Ruins are on every side. We traveled across the city by a circuitous route to the compound, which lies a third of a mile outside the limits, and reached this last part of the way by a road that clings to the side of the mountain. When we came to the bridge, which is the beginning of this bit of road, we were welcomed by the little children who had stayed behind and, best of all, by Edith and Miss McLean, the nurse. The compound seemed like a little heaven, with roses just coming into blossom and filling the air with perfume. I feel in my bones that I am going to be happy. My room is not in the main house, which is connected with the school building, but in the one other house, not more than seventy-five feet away. I am weary after my days of travel, and I must save the rest to tell you later.

### *May Nineteenth*

I have been so busy adjusting myself to the life here that there has been no time for writing. Many people have come to call—in one day I  
*counted*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

counted and found that thirty-three had presented themselves. It is necessary to receive these people and for that reason I have only just begun to get into relief work.

The situation in Hadjin is peculiar. It was thought that the people had been so thoroughly dispersed in this region that there would be no relief problem but, strange to say, a larger per cent of Hadjin people and those from the surrounding villages are finding their way back to their homes than from almost any other district. In Hadjin the few hundred houses left standing are bursting with humanity, the average number in each being twenty, including babies. There is so much work to do and so few to do it! When Miss Vaughan leaves, which ought, for her sake, to be soon, there will be just three American women to meet the needs. Fortunately for Miss McLean and me, there are teachers and older girls who can act as interpreters. We rely greatly on the help of Miss Hagopian, an Armenian who is a graduate of this mission school and of the American College in Constantinople. She is a fine consecrated woman, who has had and who will continue to bear, great responsibility. I am happy in the thought that she is to work with me especially. Her brother, Matteos, is our steward.

Directly after supper yesterday we climbed up on the mountain side above our compound to see the flock of goats, and it was as stiff a pull as I ever  
*tried*

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tried. The shepherds live up there in tents and during the day take the goats high up on the mountain, bringing them down to where we saw them late in the afternoon, to be milked. I am thankful that I take quickly to native food. I like yough-oort, and it is considered exceedingly healthful. It is like junket in consistency and closely resembles the thick sour milk we enjoyed in Russia and Finland.

This morning we had breakfast at six, as there was to be a wedding of one of the older girls in the school house and we must be present. The bride is an orphan and although the groom is not pleasing in appearance, Miss Vaughan thinks it is a good marriage for her, as the man is neither a drinker nor a gambler. He has one valuable asset, certainly—his entire upper set of teeth seems to be made of gold.

It is the proper thing for the bride to show grief, so all the time before the ceremony, while the veil was being arranged, the young woman sobbed and sobbed, which was rather affecting.

The guests came to the house in a long procession, headed by a band consisting of violin, cymbals and other instruments and then, the bride and groom leading the line, marched to the big school room where two Gregorian priests married them.

I am writing on the veranda looking out on a part of the garden where the bees are busy gathering honey. Before long, mulberries and cherries  
*will*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

will be ripe and not long afterwards, delicious grapes. That promises well. I am going to be contented here, for the mental and spiritual atmosphere, as well as the physical, is bracing, and I feel quiet in mind and body. It is a remote spot, and for anyone inclined to melancholy it would be a hard place in which to live, but I am always happy in the mountains, and so anticipate the future with pleasure. Just where the houses stand the outlook is restricted, but a short walk brings you to the bridge, where the view widens and the sides of the mountains, in certain lights, take on the coloring of beautiful old tapestries.

Just before supper, night before last, Edith and I walked to the kurdet (spring) down our valley, passing on the way lovely wild flowers, gladioli, batchelor buttons, forget-me-nots and other kinds, the names of which I do not know. The garden is full of beauty and fragrance. Such roses you never saw, pink, white and a wonderful yellow.

### *May Twenty-fifth*

When you think that I have only twice, in the fifteen days that I have been in Hadjin, stepped outside of the compound gate, you might wonder that I have anything to write. The fact is that I could write for hours and then not have exhausted anyone but the recipients of my letters, so interesting are the new experiences to me.

*For*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

For instance, I am sure it is worth while to learn the way to make a cow let down her milk readily. You must tie the calf to the right front foot of the mother, and she, seeing her offspring, is ready to accommodate the milker. Should the calf die, that need make no difference, for the skin is stuffed and tied to the cow and the result is the same.

We have a new calf on the "estate," born less than twelve hours ago, and I have just taken its picture as one of the girls stood holding it in her arms. Then there are three puppies, Enver, Talaat and Djemal, the children having named them. We think it is a little hard on the puppies, but in Turkey dogs are rather despised and it is a pleasing form of retaliation now to name dogs for Turks. I was told of a little refugee in Port Said, who was happy in having named his canine Mohammed.

We have been having almost constant rain for a week and the shepherds have had to bring the flock down from the mountain for a night or two not to be drowned out, so in the early morning I am wakened by the bleating of the goats and sheep, the lowing of the cows and the braying of the donkey. Just as they leave and quiet reigns, Akabe knocks, coming to build a fire and to bring my hot water, and so the day begins.

It is a strange feeling to be as absolutely cut off from the world as we are. Stories drift in to

*us*



## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

us but how reliable they are we never know. We have been told of terrible suffering among the Turks, refugees from Erzroom, on the Shar plain not far from here. The Armenian who told about it said that, even though he was an Armenian, his heart bled for them as he saw them, almost naked, and eating grass. They are not to blame; they are just villagers driven out when the Russians came to Erzroom, and they should have some help if it is possible.

In the unoccupied regions the situation is acute, for the Turks, being responsible to no one, are threatening the Christians with total extermination. This is what we hear about the Sivas vilayet. Really, we are in a very peaceful section ourselves.

### *May Thirtieth*

My work goes on increasing in scope. Yesterday Miss Hagopian and I went to the weaving factory to see how the man in charge was progressing in getting the looms in order. A good many years ago, Djemal Pasha gave some financial help in establishing the factory, but during the war it was not kept up and it is in a bad state of repair. Our relief cloth from Adana has almost given out and, although we shall have material of our own weaving before long, we need some right now.

The other day a small child, an orphan, was brought to us for clothing. She had been with a  
*woman*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

woman whose mind was deranged and who had not treated the child kindly. She was a dear little thing, but she appeared frightened. I gave material for an undershirt and drawers and gingham for a dress, and arranged with a woman to make her clothes, wash her and bring her back. This happened very early in the morning and that same night, Elmas, whose name means diamond, was returned, clothed and clean.

We board her with our gate woman and she comes to kindergarten. In the three days since we took her she is a changed little girl. The tiny thing spins beautifully and she is too dear as she stands by Altoon, the gatekeeper, and twirls the wool as deftly as a grown woman, looking up with a shy little smile from time to time. We are puzzled to find work for all who come to our gate. At present we have some stone wall building going on but as cloth is what is wanted in payment, and cloth is what we lack, we hardly know how to turn.

### *June Second*

I am writing this at the close of a busy afternoon of work with the women who came for goat's hair and wool. We now have a mob Monday and Thursday afternoons, all wild for material to spin, and it was hard to turn them away when it gave out.

### *There*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

There have been so many pitiful cases today—one was a girl frightfully disfigured by tattoo marks on her face, put on when she was held by the Arabs, and a man brought his sister whom he had rescued from some Circassians. The three were in rags, and sick. I must go to the kitchen now, for I have undertaken to do the cooking for the Americans. There used to be a good Armenian cook for the missionaries, but Kevork was killed at the time of the deportations and so many who have returned from exile are diseased that we don't dare to try one. Two of the older girls, Elisa and Leah, do the washing up and are perfectly willing, but I do the main cooking.

### *June Tenth*

Word has come that Miss McLean is to go to Talas and Miss Super, who is in Adana, is to come here. Miss McLean does not want to leave, and we shall miss her dreadfully. Probably Miss Vaughan will go at the same time, making the journey to Constantinople and to America by way of Talas. Mr. McFarland of Mersine is coming with Miss Super and he will stay and help us for some weeks.

Yesterday morning quantities of new women came for wool and there was no let-up from quarter of eight until twelve. Miss Hagopian interprets, Oriort Ardzat keeps the books, and there is a small girl, Gulania, who fetches and carries.

*If*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

If I could train my nose not to smell when I don't want it to I would be thankful. You can't imagine the odors of such a mass of unwashed people, clothed in rags which they can't change because they have nothing else. Yesterday morning, I conceived a plan which mitigates the annoyance to a degree. I have a table just outside the front door, which is sheltered by the porch above, and Miss Hagopian and I sit there to receive the women. They are let in at the gate of the compound in groups of ten by Altoon—that is, when she attends to her job—and come down the path and through another gate and on to us.

They crowded so close, each one anxious to get ahead of someone else, that it was nauseating, so I sent Gulania for a piece of chalk and, drawing a line across the stone walk about four feet from us, I announced that as the deadline and no one was to step over it.

The women took it in very good part and when anyone inadvertently disregarded the danger zone, I assure you Gulania quickly advised her of it.

Today we had over a hundred women and yesterday there were more than one hundred and fifty. Some came for material to spin and others to turn in the thread and either be paid in money or cloth. We are short of cloth for the moment and some prefer to wait for it.

The orphans are always with us and they present an ever-increasing problem. The exiles are  
*steadily*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

steadily returning and where they are to be housed, with most of Hadjin in ruins, I can't imagine. Children with no one to care for them are sleeping on the ground wherever they can. They have nothing to sleep on and nothing to cover them. This may be endured in the summer but when winter comes what are we to do?

*June Fifteenth*

We had such a beautiful day yesterday that I am still feeling the happy effect. Edith has been longing to get out of town for a little change but I hadn't realized how much we needed it. There has been talk of going to the vineyard which belongs to the Mennonites but which has been cared for by Miss Vaughan since they left their orphanage at the beginning of the war.

Our road took us down through Hadjin and then up on the side of the mountain across from the city. It was a beautiful ride, so wild and picturesque, past little waterfalls and fields of wild flowers—bright patches of color. The poppies bloom on Flanders fields, but they also blossom red on Hadjin hills. They are big and glorious.

The color revived our spirits. There was a flower, I don't know its name, which gives the effect in the distance of purple heather. We saw many a nodding asphodel, but the poets have given it a fame that it hardly deserves. Lavender candytuft was abundant as well as wild mignonette.

*Arrived*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

Arrived at our destination, we sat on the porch of one of the buildings and ate our luncheon and finished by picking great bunches of cherries for dessert. Miss Vaughan wanted to see, before leaving, that the caretaker was faithful to his charge. Altogether, it was a refreshing half day and we came back ready for the fray. We were further cheered by finding letters with the good news that Miss Small, who is in Adana, is to be lent to us for several months and she will come with Miss Super.

### *June Eighteenth*

Night before last, there was an engagement party for one of the girls in the school. In Turkey, this is almost as binding as the marriage, and the priests conduct the affair. The bride-to-be is a Gregorian. The assembly room of the school was filled with friends of the bride and groom. The contracting parties sat in front of the two priests and preserved through the entire time—two hours—a hangdog expression, never once glancing at each other. The priests gave some kind of advice and chanted, then followed national songs and some impromptu speeches.

Refreshments were passed to everyone—glasses of a fruit syrup and a roasted grain called leb lebbies. The great difficulty was that there were several hundred people present and only a dozen  
*glasses*

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glasses. This necessitated taking the glasses out for refilling, so that you can appreciate it was rather prolonged. One of the oustas (foreman) who is in charge of my gang of stone workers, acted as waiter and I thought he would be too exhausted to be of any service to relief work the next day.

By the way, I have inaugurated a change in the method of paying the workers. The ousta has always called the men first, in true Oriental style, and the women have had their turn when their betters had been attended to. I announced yesterday that from that time on I would begin with the women. He was a little surprised, but for the first time in their lives, these Hadjin women stepped in front of the men.

*June Twenty-third*

Miss Vaughan and Miss McLean got off last Friday with Mr. Fowle, who had come from Talas to escort them, and the following day the three we were expecting from Adana arrived.

It is very hot during the day. We had a rather fearful time with the women this morning; such a jam and so unmanageable. They got so uncontrollable at last that we shut the compound gate and sent them all packing. I trust they will have learned their lesson by the next time. I got so tired with it all that I could easily have cried.

*There*



## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

There are a great many Bible stories that will always mean more to me in the future than they have in the past. The multitude that pressed around Christ may have been very like the one this morning, so insistent, crowding about and laying hold of our clothes. They were probably as unwashed and evil smelling. One understands the need of getting into a boat to escape the press, and the refreshment of a garden. "And a man planted a vineyard," that too, will ever have a meaning for me. It is now, and must always have been, a comfort to have a sweet, clean place to go to from the towns and cities.

I wish the people could go to their vineyards from Hadjin, but the Turks have destroyed most of them. I don't see what is to happen if any more people return. We are told that several hundred men are waiting in Sis for opportunity to get here and others have come as far as Adana. The French promise aid, saying they are in charge, but the promise ends with the saying.

This is the month of Ramazan, when all faithful Moslems fast from sunrise to sunset, not even drinking water during that period. We are to make calls on some of the Turkish families when the fast closes with the feast of Bairam. There are few Turks left in Hadjin, for now is their turn to fear retaliation and many are leaving town. It is an anxious time for everyone, when the peace terms are not known and nothing is definite as to  
*what*



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what will be included in Armenia. We have heard that General Mudge of the British Army, will, before long, visit Hadjin, and he will be our guest at Hadjin Home. Shut off in our little corner, we know nothing and perhaps he will give us some news.

*June Twenty-ninth*

We are having excessive heat and it is difficult after our noon dinner to do anything but rest for a time. Fortunately, the nights are deliciously cool and breezy so that I awake refreshed. The mornings are not bad, it is only the afternoons that are hard. The spinning women now number nearly five hundred and, in spite of all our planning, the mob is difficult to manage. We have a new ticket system which will go into force tomorrow by which we shall have only one hundred women in a morning. Of course, when we get to our limit of days and tickets we can take no more women.

The other day, in answer to my urgent request for material, three camel loads came from Adana. In addition to this we had two donkey loads aside from what our travelers brought when they came last Saturday so you see we can meet the demand for cloth.

To change the subject, have you ever seen the pomegranate bush in blossom? It is such a wonderful

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

derful sight with its glorious scarlet flowers. From my bed on the veranda, I can see a flaming bush and it rejoices my soul. There are some very primitive beehives in the window of a building below my porch and during the day there is a constant loud humming. It is the duty of some of the small children to act as "bekjis" (watchers) for the bees. They must be on guard and, when the bees show that they are going to swarm, the children must, following the native custom, clap with stones to help the bees to settle and then report where they are. In the early morning when I wake and it is still cool the bees are quiet. I look out on the mountains that keep the sun away until almost seven, although if I turn, I can see some peaks touched with sunshine. Presently I hear a step and know it is the Greek girl Barteme going with her pail to milk the goats. She passes along the stony path followed by Patsy, the big fluffy yellow sheep dog, the one that stays here to guard us at night, and going out through the Marash gate presently reappears on the threadlike path that winds up to the shepherds' huts. When I lie in bed at night sometimes I hear the shepherds singing the strange sad tunes they love.

This morning two donkeys had a playful time beneath my sleeping porch cavorting around in the most amusing manner. Cherries are spread out on a nearby roof where, sprinkled with ashes, they are drying for next winter's use.

*July*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

### *July Third*

This has been our day for especially interviewing orphans and helpless and we had plenty to see to this morning. The Mennonite buildings are being opened for a temporary home for boys and the upper factory building will be in readiness for girls and small boys in another day. As far as we can, we try to have children boarded with relatives or people who will take them in, for our capacity is exceedingly limited. We, of course, pay for their food.

### *July Fourth*

Ramazan did not end on Sunday as was expected, for word did not come saying that the new moon had been sworn to by three people, so we could not make the calls until Tuesday. Edith, Miss Hagopian and I started a little before nine and were gone until noon. First, we went to the house of the kaimakam to call on his wife. The entrance in one of the poor streets was very unimposing and we climbed two flights of rickety stairs to be greeted by the kaimakam himself, who seemed hardly ready for callers as he was in a kind of loose garment which serves for both a night gown and a dressing gown when in the house. We were ushered into the reception room, a bare apartment with a raised seat the length of the side of the room and called the "sirdar." The kaimakam's  
*wife*

# LETTERS FROM CILICIA

wife, who presently came in, was a sweet woman with a great deal of poise. Soon Turkish delight and cigarettes were brought in and passed. We nibbled the candy and shortly after brought our visit to a close. Next, we went to the house of the civil judge (there is a civil and a religious judge it appears), our calls being arranged to begin with the greatest and then go down the scale. This time we found, on entering the front door, that we were in the stable and it was necessary to go up a stairway to get into the house proper.

It was interesting to see the horse tied to a beam and have the stable odor follow us up. The judge was not at home, or did not appear, but we were received by the wife and daughter and some friend or retainer of the family. The kaimakam's wife had on a black satin dress, but the wife of the judge wore a funny loose gown, her hair was in two braids and her feet were bare. We, as always, sat on the sirdar and this time the refreshments were little white candies and Turkish coffee served in the usual tiny cups. The "family friend" remarked, looking at us, "They are all girls," and the wife replied, "Yes, but they have brains, they are smart, they are not like us."

When we were calling at the home of another Turk, a woman came in who is the mother-in-law of the man who was kaimakam when we came to Hadjin. This man has been negotiating for a  
*young*

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young Circassian girl for wife number two, and the present wife, who is very attractive, is terribly unhappy. The man has lately been called to Sis to make an accounting of money to a French official. This has necessitated the holding off of his intended courtship and the mother-in-law evidently considers it an act of providence for she remarked, "The Lord cleans the rice well."

*Later*

We really are doing a big work, and when I consider our small force, it seems remarkable. At times, when I have been looking at the sad sights, I feel depressed but I have to think that at least what we are able to do is better than nothing. I never saw such rags; rags patched with rags, and the poor diseased bodies almost make you sick. Diseases that we speak of under our breath in our country are common here and the people who have two good eyes are fortunate.

The great thing is to help the people and at the same time not let them lose their self respect. We are condemned by many because we refuse to give money as generously as they think we might, but we have to do what we know is right. When I get discouraged I look at the little card Miss Vaughan gave me just before she left. It says—"God will not send thee into the woods to fell an oak with a penknife. When He calls thee to do  
*work*

L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

work thou hast never done, He will give thee strength thou hast never had."

*July Fifth*

While I was busy with the Saturday's baking, Miss Small came into the kitchen to tell me the news. The Armenians have been anxious to have the French representative at Sis visit Hadjin, believing that if conditions here were understood, help would be given toward the rebuilding of the city. Promises to come have been frequent but they have had no fulfillment, so when it was reported the other day that the arrival was imminent, we had no faith.

Now, definite word has come that General Mudge of the British army, who is the highest military official in Cilicia and Colonel de Piepape, who is at the head of the civil administration, with their aides and the Sis captain will come to Hadjin next Wednesday. We are the natural ones to entertain them but, with our limited room and inadequate equipment, it will be no easy task. We shall give up this house where I am, to our guests and crowd ourselves into the main building. They will bring soldiers with them but they will have to sleep in the open and be fed from the school kitchen.

*July*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

*July Twelfth*

At last we can breathe easily. They have come, they have seen, and to quote General Mudge, "Hadjin is effectively occupied." We had two most difficult days. The army of occupation eats off the country and we found the food problem none too simple. There has been no replenishing of tableware since long before the war and our stock is low. We had to be blind to nicks, cracks and mismatches, and hold ourselves so superior to lacks of all kinds that tea could be poured from a pot with a broken spout, and the one who served not lose her poise. Seventeen soldiers had to be cared for and the teacher in charge nearly lost her mind. The officers were most appreciative and, in spite of the somewhat staggering situation in which we were placed, we enjoyed the visit. We learned something of the peace terms of which we had heard nothing.

At tea time, after a session at the Government House, General Mudge in speaking of the unsettled state of the country, said that something that had happened that morning was typical of this kind of a visit—a bandit who had been defying everyone came into the Konak (Government House) and gave himself up. A few weeks ago there was a good deal of danger of an uprising of the Turks in the region not far from here but nothing happened. At that time, in Adana, a massacre

*scare*



## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

scare was in the air but the general said he remarked to some Turks that the English were not used to being massacred and it would not be wise to try anything of the kind.

The second and last night of their stay, General Mudge, on returning from a dinner given for the party at the Government House, was slightly injured when his horse slipped on a bad bit of road. The colonel's aide, Lieutenant de Larrard, in trying to help, was kicked by one of the horses and, although not seriously hurt, had to stay behind when the others went back to Adana.

I chance to be the only one who speaks French, quite haltingly I admit, and since the lieutenant speaks no word of English, I feel called upon to visit with him when I can get a moment. He is an agreeable young fellow and most grateful for Miss Super's care and our thought of him. He was at the front all through the war and this is his first accident.

Edith and Mr. McFarland go to the village of Shar next week to investigate conditions there and by the time of their return our "blessé" may have joined his colonel.

### *July Seventeenth*

And so the days go by. We are harvesting now and it is an interesting sight to see the ancient Bible manner of doing it. The barley is trodden  
*out*



## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

out, not by oxen it is true, but in a primitive fashion by a horse and a kind of sled. Then it is thrown into the air by men with funny big forks and winnowed by the wind and later the women sift the grain and put it away in the house. We, that is the household, are busy getting boulgour (wheat) ready for the winter. The wheat is washed, boiled and then picked over by hand. Boulgour pilaf is exceedingly good. It is boiled with a little water and well seasoned, and the result is, I think, superior to rice. It comes in well in potato famine.

I go down to the cellar and look at our stores, hoping for an inspiration, and sometimes I really wonder how a meal is to be evolved. It is an adventure if you can look at it in that light and it makes you feel triumphant when a satisfactory repast is produced.

Saying "produced" makes me think of something which amuses me much. Each girl in the household is responsible for some part of the work or, perhaps you would say, the needs of the house. For example, I look at the egg supply and find it is low. We need eggs—Navart is responsible for eggs, therefore she must produce them. Make a laundry list if you choose, but if you do or do not, your room girl is responsible for your clothes and, if some article is lacking when the laundry is returned, she must produce it. Miss McLean missed  
*a petticoat*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

a petticoat and it could not be found. Edith said Maritsa must produce it and it was produced after a search. For several days wood was low and there was difficulty with the fire. The small girls in the interim, while the donkey loads did not appear, had to produce wood from somewhere, which meant gathering brush and twigs wherever they could be found. Every day something amusing happens so that I say with our friend R. L. S. "The world is so full of a number of things that we should all be as happy as kings," or something like that.

After supper we all sat on the veranda of the other house for a time, watching the stars come out. The nights are very beautiful here. Having invited the lieutenant to sit with us, it was impossible to leave, at least for me. The others went one by one but I thought I should have to stay on forever and my French was going rather lame. I was relieved when he took his departure.

Miss Super is working too hard. This morning, she went down to the city before five o'clock to see a woman who has malaria. We are urging her to give up outside calls for she will be ill herself before she knows it. She is absolutely absorbed in her profession and thinks of nothing else.

### *July Eighteenth*

Edith and Mr. McFarland arrived shortly before noon and reported a successful but tiring  
*trip*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

trip. The man with the load did not catch up with them the first night and they had to sleep in a native house and were eaten alive. Furthermore, they had to accept the hospitality of the people of both Shar and Roomloo in the line of food and it was hard.

### *July Twentieth*

We breathed a sigh of relief when the horse of our Frenchman disappeared down the road. We didn't realize how exhausted we were until Lieutenant de Larrard had gone.

I am writing this after our supper and as I look out of my window I can see the little orphan girls from the factory building carrying their evening meal back to their home. They come up here for their food as it is too complicated to have it cooked where they live and there is a great scarcity of cooking dishes and utensils. Elmas has been removed to the orphanage for we found she was not having proper care where she was. We have the temporary orphanage for the boys at Surp Sarkis, the Mennonite property the other side of the city. A young man, who used to be in an orphanage conducted by this same order, has charge of the boys and is doing very satisfactory work. Bread is sent from this house three times a week and they have little else. As Edith says, "All we can offer is an opportunity to be clean, enough to eat and a chance to work."

*We*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

We are feeling happy over the coming of Minas Effendi. He is an able man who served the Mennonites at first and, when they left at the beginning of the war, he came to the missionaries here. He combines both ability and absolute honesty. He was sent into exile and went the way to Der Zor, but in some way escaped death and was in Mosul when the British came in. They, recognizing his ability, gave him responsibilities. Immense granaries, that the Turks had filled and expected to have for their own use, were by the English turned over to the Armenians and much of the management of this given into the hands of Minas Effendi. Edith feels as if a load had been taken from her shoulders for many things we have wanted to do can be managed now. This man understands about weaving and we shall ask him to look into the matter and see what he can suggest. He had an offer in Adana that would have paid him well but he chose to come back here to serve the missionaries. He says that in time of exile the letters of Miss Vaughan and the aid given by the missionaries, were what helped him through his trials.

Yesterday while it was piping hot and I was resting in my room, word was brought that some Moslem ladies had called, so I had to dress and go over. They were the wife of the kadi, her daughter and a servant who sat in the room all of the time.

*You*

L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

You recall we went to their home to see them at the time of the feast of Bairam. The wife is a very dramatic woman and it was amusing to watch her as she talked. You know how these people dread the "evil eye." In referring to her son, she said, "He speaks six languages—may God remove the curse."

I wish I knew many of the very sweet expressions the people have. If you like a person and feel sympathetic you can say that your heart fits their's. Little Rebekah who was brought to us because her mother, rescued from the Turks, had found employment with a family where the little girl could not be taken, spent the first weeks in crying. One of the other children said, "Why do you cry, don't you like us?" Rebekah replied, "Oh yes, my blood boils to you but just the same, I want my mother." She is quite content now and seems perfectly happy. The children play with the most unique dolls I ever saw which they have made out of old scraps.

The political situation is so unsettled that the people hardly know what to do. There is any amount of French propaganda which means that a decidedly anti-American attitude is being fostered. Everything possible is said that will detract from our reputation. Since the French are really, up to the present, doing nothing for the population, and we are doing all that is being done to help,  
*it*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

it is odd. The condition of the people in the city is terrible and I wish the French would do something beside talk.

### *July Thirtieth*

I am feeling rather desperate today. The number of orphans is growing and our appropriation has been cut. The transportation of supplies from Adana is exceedingly expensive as everything has to be loaded on pack animals. It is hard for anyone to realize the difficulties of relief work in so isolated a place as Hadjin. Most units can use motor trucks. There is nothing to be purchased in the city, for to quote Edith, "It is picked as clean as a crow can pick it."

### *August First*

Yesterday we went to a wedding in the city. I always hate to have to go into the dirt, but it was considered the proper thing to do, as the family were anxious to have the Americans present. Only Edith, Miss Small and I went. The hour given was noon but Edith said that didn't make any difference for they wouldn't know exactly when it was noon and they would be sure to be late. So we ate at the usual time—twelve—and left here at one. When we got to the place we had to climb up to the top floor of a tall ramshackle house filled with  
*nauseating*

## L E T T E R S     F R O M     C I L I C I A

nauseating odors. This was the house where the groom lived or rather where he had a room or two. No one can have more than that with the terrible over crowding there is. We were taken into the salaam luk (reception room) and offered refreshment which was simply a glass of a sweet syrup. They seemed so nonchalant about everything, not knowing whether the bride had gone to the school where the ceremony was to take place or not, that after about half an hour, it was suggested that we might go to the school (Gregorian) and probably she would arrive before long. The parents seemed to have little to do with the affair. When we arrived at the building there was no sign of preparation; indeed, some carpenters were at work and as we came in they went right on. Other people followed and the large room began to fill. The company was democratic in character; a few comfortably dressed people and all down the scale to the worst looking ragged ones you ever saw. Finally the bride and groom put in an appearance, each escorted by the next of kin. They first took their places in front of the rostrum but one of the four priests decided he preferred to have them on the platform and so up they went.

The audience was quite unconcerned and kept up a steady talk that was almost deafening. The priests were the shabbiest of the shabby and the service was far from impressive. This part was  
*not*



## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

not over until quarter of four. We tried to get out as quickly as possible to avoid getting into the crowd returning to the house but all in vain. In an unlucky moment I thought I would try a snapshot and the people got the idea and formed in solid ranks, all expecting to be in it. Of course I could do nothing but I snapped the camera to satisfy them. We were in the midst of the crowd and it was almost impossible to breathe. We held our handkerchiefs to our noses and pressed on. Fortunately, there was a choice of roads and the company took the highway and we skirted down another path. We reached the house in advance, but had to wait for the wedding party because a special ceremony had to be performed before anyone could go into the house. A boy stood holding a goat by a rope and when the bride and groom came to the house a man stepped forward and, tripping up the goat and turning it on its back, slit its throat.

The blood flowed down the street and the bride and groom walked over it into the house. This is the common custom but if a goat is too expensive, jars can be broken. We made our way upstairs through the evil smelling crowd and were seated in the room especially for the women. The best room is kept for the men, of course. After a few minutes, Edith said we could congratulate the bride and go. She stood in a room shaking hands  
*with*



## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

with the people and the groom stood in another room to receive. As we went down the stairs they were skinning the poor goat. With the greatest difficulty we managed to avoid stepping into the blood which had reddened the street. We got home about five o'clock. \* \* \*

Miss Small is very ingenious in her work. She has almost nothing to work with but she manages in some way to keep things going. You can't think how hard pressed we are for common things. Sewing thread has about given out and we send to Derindje but nothing comes. Miss Small has to find employment for the girls and she makes something of really nothing. You know I had some old muslin underwear that I expected to use a few times and throw away. I have taken the good parts and have made twenty squares the size for handkerchiefs and Miss Small has had the girls, the little ones, make them. Some are hemstitched and two of them have a little lace edging that Miss Small ripped from an old garment of her own. She has the faculty for seeing possibilities in the most unpromising things. Her father was a sea captain and one brother, when he writes to her, sometimes says when he imagines she needs bracing up, "Remember your father walked the quarter deck."

I must not forget that five thirty comes right along every morning whether I go to bed early or not, and so "good-night."

*August*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

### *August Seventh*

Garabed Effendi came to call this afternoon—I forget you do not know who he is, but he is the telegrapher in the city and a good friend to the Americans. He was all excitement, for he is sure the word that has come to him is correct, that America is to take the mandate for Armenia and that Cilicia is to be included in the territory. We couldn't ask anything better but we don't dare to be so optimistic as to believe it yet.

Today, Gulania, my little helper, suddenly left the porch where we were working and returned with a present for me, an elephant made by herself. It is screamingly funny. She made it out of cloth and covered it with some of the wool that is being made ready for the spinners. It is odd enough to have an elephant with wool but this one has, in addition, a flowing tail. The other day, some of the children made two dolls, one for me and one for Miss Small.

### *August Twelfth*

We are having delightfully cool weather now, especially nights and mornings and, since our picnic yesterday, life seems more bearable. I had not been outside of the compound for days and the change was good for all of us. Edith proposed that we have our supper at the chatak, the spring on the Shar road. We rode through Hadjin and  
*out*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

out into the country that was altogether lovely. We were much amused to have a gendarme sent by the government to protect us. He was at least picturesque in his uniform with his gun slung over his shoulder but at such an angle that it looked to me as if, should he accidentally hit the trigger, I would be shot in the eye.

The colors of the flowers now seem to be mostly purple and lavender. There is the most gorgeous kind of thistle, very tall with big spikey purple balls, two or more inches across. Wild clematis looks like white mist. When we reached the chatak we dismounted and carried our supper up to eat it on the big rock near the gushing water. The evening lights were beautiful and, as the sun set, the mountain peaks were touched with a real Alpine glow. We started for home soon after our supper and it was dark when we got back to town. An oriental city is more picturesque at a distance than near to and certainly this is true of Hadjin. The odors as we entered the narrow streets were horrible and, as you know, perfectly indescribable. The ruined condition looks more interesting at night and I said to Edith as we rode into the city together—"One could almost imagine this was Pompeii and this the House of Glaucus that we are passing." This was especially true as we turned a corner and the full moon came suddenly into view. Hadjin clings to the rock like a limpet and although a large part of the houses are gone,  
*enough*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

enough remain to make a wonderful picture in the moonlight. Edith remarked that, as far as she knows, Hadjin is the one mission station now that can only be reached on horseback. For a long time there were others but by degrees either the railroad has reached them or roads possible for automobiles have made communication easy.

### *August Twenty-first*

Mr. McFarland has been planning to leave soon to go to Kharney, and now word comes that Miss Small is needed at that orphanage, too. We are desolated.

We have a few little apple trees in our lower vineyard but we shall never have any ripe fruit, for the natives pick it off before it reaches any size. Ezekiel said, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." This might be written of Cilicia. The people eat grapes and all fruit when it is absolutely green or just turned; at least they like it that way very much.

This morning, as I was sitting, not at the receipt of custom exactly but at the receipt of orphans and helpless, two of the little girls from the sewing class came to me with new pink all-over aprons and, standing before me, took my hand and kissed it, then put it to their foreheads and kissed it again. It is something which I always discourage in the women but in the tiny children, it is sweet. I was being thanked for the new clothes. I really had

*no*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

no part in the making, but I am one of the Americans responsible for the new order, so I come in for my share of gratitude.

We are back from supper on the hillside, the farewell party for Mr. McFarland and Miss Small. It was a struggle up to the height. At some places the path seemed to be absolutely perpendicular and now, with the dry weather we have been having, exceedingly slippery. It was a pretty sight to see the girls on ahead, picturesque in their pinkey-red aprons. When we reached the level space, we sat down to rest on rugs carried up on the back of a tiny donkey that was also laden with two copper water jugs. Our supper consisted of native bread, baked rather thin and like a big pancake, covered with a kind of chopped meat and called "leehmajoon." This we folded over on itself making a sort of sandwich. We had youghoort and finished off with grapes, brought from one of the nearby villages where they ripen earlier than here.

We sat and watched the flock come down from higher up and exclaimed over the beauties, first of "Haiyasdan," one of the young kids, and then became enthusiastic over "America." Before leaving, some of us played drop the handkerchief with the younger children and finished up with London Bridge. It must have been a funny sight when we came to the tug of war, for I (one of the teachers and I made the bridge) had drawn the tiny children

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

dren and they could just grasp my knees. However, they clung like leaches and we won, although in the end we were helped by some of the older girls who came to our rescue. We reached home in the gloaming.

As I was writing, there was a knock on my door and when I said "Come in," Gulania and Siranoosh appeared bearing in their hands gifts which consisted of a bed for the dolls and a dress and nightgown apiece. I wish you could see the things; the bed has a piece of window screen for springs and the mattress is elaborately made. It is so sweet that the children take it for granted that I am really attached to the dolls. They are very earnest about everything and arranged the "fil" (elephant) so that he stood facing the right way to look at me.

### *September Fifth*

I feel a little dizzy not knowing where I am. The other day Matteos brought the word that we were to return our postage stamps, for from now on, we are not in Cilicia but Syria. I'm sure I don't know what it means. In a short time we probably will get things straightened out. Miss Hagopian and I went to Shar a week ago today, returning on Tuesday. I was too tired after the trip to write any details and there have been quantities of affairs to see to every minute since I got back.

*It*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

It seems a long way to go back to last Friday morning, so much has happened in the meantime. It was a tremendously busy day for, on top of everything else, I had fruit to put up. It couldn't be postponed and, as a result, I rushed like mad. We left at half after three so that we could divide the journey by going part way that day and reach Shar the next afternoon. I had a horrid beast to ride because Victor was lame. If there was any fault my horse didn't have, I should like to know it. When he wasn't kicking flies with his back feet he was stumbling with his front ones. He was ugly and tried to kick Miss Hagopian's horse so I always had to stay behind and he had a slow walk and a fearfully hard trot. You may think that the trip was anything but pleasant but I had a really wonderful time and I am keen for next week when we go on a longer journey.

Returning now to our Shar expedition: we rode past the chatak where you recall we had our supper not many weeks ago. We planned to go to a spring three hours' ride from Haddin and sleep out in the open. Our party consisted of Miss Hagopian and myself, accompanied by our "cot-turje" (man for the pack animals) and a gendarme. We had two pack animals for, aside from our own impedimenta, we carried cloth for Shar with which to pay the wool workers if they preferred that to money. It was hot when we started but it gets cool as the sun sets and we had a delightful  
*ride*



# LETTERS FROM CILICIA

ride, arriving at our camping place just as it was getting dark. The gendarme was afraid to go to the spring for he said, "There is no human being there," so we turned off the road and going along where I could see no path, reached some shepherds' tents. We were greeted with the hospitality that is so universal in the orient and urged to share their tents. We declined the courtesy and, riding a little further on, unrolled our traveling beds as quickly as we could. Some of the men arranged tree branches in the ground in such a way that our nets could be hung over our beds and we were as cozy as you please. The horses were picketed and we were ready to receive calls from the shepherds. They had all come back from exile and were gathering their possessions together.

They brought us youghoort, and one man said, "When I was in the desert and hungry I said if I ever get back to the black tent, I will offer youghoort to every passer by." All their tents are made of black goat's hair as I may have told you. We couldn't undress much in the open but it was delightful to lie out under the stars and see the lights from the fires near the tents. Our two men slept on the ground at the end of our beds, and the horses munched grass close to us. As soon as it was light we were up and, after drinking hot goat's milk brought by the shepherds, we started on our journey. To get back to the regular road, we forded streams and went by rocky paths that the  
*gendarme*



## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

gendarme knew. I wish it was possible for me to describe the beauties of this country. Such skies I never saw. The colors of the mountains change with the shifting light and I don't know when they are most beautiful, whether when they are a pearly pinky gray or when they have all the tones of an amethyst. After a time we came out on the Shar plain and it was a delightful change after the months of being shut in so close. We had left the shepherds at six and by ten we came to Hosta Hanna, a Turkish village where many Armenians have property.

This is harvest time and the threshing floors are a unique sight. We know a man who is here attending to the property of his wife and he came out to welcome us and invite us to stop on our return trip. Miss Hagopian has a Moslem uncle at Bolat, a Circassian village on our road, and it was here that we stopped and had a picnic luncheon, making soup or rather heating tomato soup on the sterno. The nice uncle came and sat with us while we ate and then we went to his house. He really is a delightful man although it seemed a bit strange to meet his wife who is wife number two and was picked out for him by Miss Hagopian's aunt, wife number one. The first wife now lives with a married daughter in another place, and this one is a Circassian and a sweet woman. We were served with tea in the Russian style, for the Circassians do many things like the Russians.

*There*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

There was one very unusual thing which we saw on this afternoon—a whirlwind. As we were riding along the cotturje called to us to look back and, far off, we saw a thin column of red dust reaching from the ground to the sky. The plain is very beautiful and in the spring it must be even more wonderful when a great variety of flowers are in bloom. We saw four different kinds of thistles, one variety almost five feet tall and with branches that made me think of branched candlesticks. There was a yellow everlasting and a dear little flower that grows in clumps and is quite fairy-like in structure, white and close to the ground, that is used in making glue.

Shar is off from the plain, right in the mountains, but not so shut in as Hadjin. The situation is lovely, on both sides of a rushing little river. It was founded by the Romans several centuries before Christ and was called Comana the Golden. There were many large temples, making it one of the Holy Places of Asia Minor, and at one time, there were five thousand nuns there. For years it was a ruin and no one built there until a little over fifty years ago, when the Armenians constructed Shar and used in their building much of the old material. It is most interesting to see parts of columns and old capitals worked into the walls of some of the houses. The Protestant church has some of the best Corinthian capitals on its facade. The Turks, after the people were deported,

*wrecked*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

wrecked Shar to the best of their ability, not burning it as they did Hadjin, but taking all the timber they could to sell and wantonly destroying as much of the two churches, Protestant and Gregorian, as was possible. The Gregorian church is a complete ruin, nothing but a part of the apse being left standing, but the Protestant church can be put in shape without much trouble. The flooring was all taken out and the windows and the carving on the beautiful capitals chipped off, but the building itself is still in fairly good condition.

We were taken to a house that belongs to one of our orphans here in Hadjin, Christina, who has lost all of her family, all killed by the Turks. The house was well wrecked but we had a large room decidedly airy as the windows were all gone. I looked anxiously for "invaders" but Miss Hago-pian scorned my suggestions, saying we were safe there. Of course, people crowded in to see us and there was little opportunity for rest.

Gulania, who used to be in the Hadjin school and who has recently come back from exile, was there to take care of us, as well as Flora who was Mrs. Haas's cook in Adana for several years. We had plenty of fruit, delicious white mulberries, plums and some very small apricots. We were left to go to bed early, but what a night! There was no question of other inhabitants. I thought I should go mad before morning and there was nothing to do. I said to myself, "Whom the Lord  
*loveth*

## L E T T E R S     F R O M     C I L I C I A

loveth He chasteneth" and decided that I was very much loved. I comforted myself, however, by saying, "Sorrow endureth for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." Miss Hagopian said we would sleep on the roof the next night. The next day was Sunday and there was a service in the Protestant church conducted by the visiting Gregorian priest and Miss Hagopian and I sat in the seats of honor. There is no flooring left and the audience sat on the ground, the women on one side and the men on the other.

We sat on a short log covered with a rug, facing the congregation. The seat was so low that my back was nearly broken before the long service was over. The people are exceedingly nonchalant, especially the children, who wander in and wander out as the fancy takes them. One small boy insisted, in spite of the remonstrances of his older sister, in raising his one garment above his head and dancing a kind of pas seul before the altar. No one, not even the priest, seemed perturbed by the episode. From the service we went, in the company of one of the Shar men and his wife, to see some of the ruins. There is an interesting amphitheatre with many of the tiers of seats still standing and groups of columns indicating where the temples stood. The temples were the principal buildings in this old city. There is an elaborate doorway of one still standing, but the fact that so much has been used for building material accounts for the little  
*that*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

that remains in situ. This man who went with us told of exciting things that occurred at the time of the Adana massacres in '95. He was one of the eighty Armenians who successfully defended themselves and their wives against five thousand Turks. He showed us where they fought and said that at the last they had to fire their guns, which were ordinary hunting guns, with match heads as all their caps were gone. The Turks had no idea that they were nearly out of ammunition. His wife said she had a long iron rod with which to defend herself. It is thrilling to hear all these things at first hand and on the spot.

In the afternoon the Protestants had a service and Miss Hagopian and I took part. Afterward, we all marched in procession, following the priest to the ruins of the Gregorian church where there was a short memorial service for those who had died in the massacres and in exile. That night we undressed in our room and then walked, in our kimonos, down the street a door or two away and slept in comfort on a neighbor's roof.

We had been told that there was a village not far away where we could see some dancing; a Circassian village where Gulania had friends.

The Circassians build very good villages and usually whitewash the houses so the effect is pretty. They are cleaner than the Turks. Everyone was exceedingly cordial. We called at one of the richest homes and were shown the wedding finery of

*some*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

some of the daughters. The women wear very picturesque costumes with much silver jewelry. Our dinner was served on a big copper tray—fried chicken in a central dish with pieces of the native bread arranged around the edge of the tray. Miss Hagopian and I ate out of the same dish, but fortunately we were the only ones served at that time, the others eating later.

The dancing was postponed so long that I began to feel desperate, realizing how far it was to our stopping place for the night. Finally it began. We sat on the sirdar and one of the men wet down the earth floor with water, which was most desirable for, in spite of this, toward the end, the dust was terrible. The men stood on one side of the room and the girls on the other, and to the accompaniment of a kind of harmonicum, they danced two by two; not round dancing but something like figures in a quadrille. At a certain point, guns were fired out of the windows and, as I did not expect this, it was a little startling. I was glad to see it all but I shall survive if it is my only experience of the kind. We got to Hosta Hanna when it was almost dark and as it looked very much like rain, we had to sleep indoors. The family gave up their one room to us and we were very comfortable. In the morning we had buffalo milk and native bread. At Shar I had been introduced to kemuse, a most delicious concoction. It is sheep's milk that has been boiled with a little youghoort and is sweet,  
*not*

L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

not unlike Devonshire cream. We reached home early the next afternoon.

*September Tenth*

I am still in Hadjin although I supposed I should be in one of the villages today. Sunday afternoon, a telegram came from Dr. Chambers saying that the Ebys and Miss Bredemas, the Mennonite missionaries, were in Adana and would start for Hadjin on Tuesday. We were asked to send seven animals, horses and mules, to Sis to meet them. This called a halt to our trip, although fortunately it is only a postponement, for we plan to go next Monday. The Mennonite belongings, which were cared for by Miss Vaughan, have been taken to Surp Sarkis, and yesterday we went up to see to the placing of the furniture to make it as homelike as we could. We took the younger children for the day and they had a beautiful time. The grapes are in their prime now and although they are not plentiful this year, I am having my fill and I enjoy the white variety. I wish you could have seen little Rebekah and Gunesh when they went up. Gunesh is lame and Rebekah is very tiny, so it was counted too far for them to walk. We put them in saddle bags and hung them across the back of one of the horses and they traveled with only their heads showing above the bags.

When we got back to the compound, we observed great excitement and wondered what it was

*all*



## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

all about. Upon reaching the gate, the puzzle was solved. The girls had dressed dummies, which were standing in a line to welcome us. They were positively the cleverest things I ever saw. They were supposed to represent different girls, and they were screamingly funny. There were seven and there was an especial one for each of us—I being presented with “Gunesh,” who had for a hat an enameled bowl. The bodies were made of sticks of wood and then padded, and the faces were stuffed out and features drawn on them in colored chalks. We entered the yard carrying our special charges and laughing so we could scarcely walk. More amusing than anything else was the figure that greeted us as we entered the sitting room. The day before, we had a call from M. Thaillardat of Sis, and there before us sat a wonderful replica with crossed legs, upturned moustache and hand raised in salute.

Monday I bought a riding horse and I hope he will live up to the good things that are said of him. I have named him Haiyasdan, which is the name for Armenia. I find the natives are rather pleased with my choice. It is a pretty word as the people pronounce it. I shall let my horse rest to get ready for the village trip next week, but I am going with Edith to meet the incoming Mennonites on Friday. We shall entertain them over Sunday, but after that they probably will choose to go  
*to*



L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

to Surp Sarkis, where their furniture is now arranged.

As you observe from the stamps, we are under the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, and that means Allenby. Go on addressing me just as you have, for even if we aren't in Cilicia it won't make any difference, and as soon as there is a new address I will let you know.

*September Twenty-fourth*

I am sorry you have been distressed by rumors of Turkish uprisings, for where I am there is absolutely no danger. Miss Hagopian says Adana vilayet has always been the safest in Turkey, and Hadjin the safest city in the vilayet.

A week ago Monday we three started on our trip to the villages. The morning was exceedingly busy, for the Mennonites came here to receive their Armenian friends, as it is so far to their compound. We were glad to have them, but we were hurried in getting off. Having guests prolonged the dinner hour; the cloth from the weaving factory, which always has to be inspected, came late, so that doing our best, we couldn't leave the compound until nearly four. Our plan was to go to a place called Panluk for the first night, thus making the rather hard journey to Gerumse a little easier. We went through the city and up the other side of our "well." Hadjin is high, but we went

*way*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

way up to where we looked down on the houses. The road was very steep and kept getting rougher and rougher until there were only loose rocks and our horses had to pick their path with care. I remember, as a child, being greatly impressed by a picture of General Israel Putnam escaping from the British by riding his horse down some stone steps. I don't consider that it was anything now—what I accomplished on Haiyasdan was fully equal to the general's exploit. I don't understand how the animals kept their footing. Fortunately, I enjoyed it all. Starting so late, it began to get dark before we sighted Panluk, and by seven o'clock it was impossible to make out the path.

We rode along, soon becoming hopelessly lost. There we were, with five horses on the mountain side and not a light in sight. We plunged along leading our mounts, not being able to see a yard ahead. The horses acted finely, but it was no fun to go sliding over rocks and sometimes falling down. We came to an open place and I was for camping there for the night. The others wanted to go on, so we went, slipping and sliding down. At last, when our case seemed desperate, we saw a glimmer of lights far below. The catturje called "Panluklu! Panluklu!" which means "People of Panluk." No response came, but we pushed on. Finally lights were seen coming nearer and some Turkish children with pitch pine flares appeared. I won't go into more details, but after following  
*several*

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several wrong paths, we reached two or three houses, not Panluk at all, but a place where we could stay for the night. Everyone is cordial and the nice old Turk was as friendly as could be. We put our beds on the roof and by the light of burning pine knots, started to get out our supper, for which we were quite ready, as it was then nine o'clock. To our dismay, we discovered that the most important saddle bag had been left in Hadjin. However, we managed for that meal and said we would have to trust to luck for the rest of the trip. The catturje went into great detail in telling the old Turk about our adventure.

The Turk said, "Yes, I can see how you managed to get down the mountain, but how did you manage to bring the lacking ones?" You know in Turkey, women are referred to sometimes as asses or donkeys, beasts of burden or the lacking ones. I don't know which is the worst. We had a comfortable night, and in the morning a man from one of the other houses brought us hot milk, while our kind host gave us delicious grapes, so we had a fine breakfast. We started at seven, escorted by the picturesque old Turk, who went all the way to Panluk with us to show us the road, and it was an hour's ride. We learned from a passerby that a man with a saddle bag would meet us at Panluk, so we knew that our oversight had been discovered and the good people had managed to track us.

*When*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

When we arrived at the bridge at Panluk, there, sure enough, was the man with a note from Althea. We hoped to reach Gerumse in the afternoon, but again we took a wrong turning and finally arrived at six o'clock. Eleven hours in the saddle is quite long.

Gerumse is picturesquely situated and is a village that has been occupied by Greeks since very early times. The inhabitants were not exiled, but they were preyed on by marauding Turks, and being neither tillers of the soil nor an industrial people, they are in a sad state. Some have small gardens, but it is a hand to mouth existence that they lead. There is an interesting family named Savaidu. The father and mother can neither read nor write but the children have been educated, all of the daughters coming to Hadjin Home. One of the sons is a minister in the United States, and the eldest daughter graduated at Constantinople College. The youngest daughter, Sophia, is now in our school, and she is a dear young girl. This family lives next to the church, and as that is where we stayed, they looked after us with great care.

We had our beds on a kind of platform and dressed in one of the rooms, where we also ate. Olympia, an older sister, cooked things in her house and so we fared well. Liking all kinds of native foods makes this kind of travel comfortable. What I do find tiring is the constant presence of the  
*people*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

people. As soon as you arrive they surround you and you haven't even an opportunity to wash. This time I took knitting and it was not so bad.

"Cracking the wheat" is a custom peculiar to Gerumse, or perhaps to Greek villages, and we arrived in time to see it. A long hollow log is raised somewhat from the ground and the whole wheat poured in—then four people on either side stand with big wooden mallets, and swinging them down, each partner alternately, they sing songs. This is to separate the chaff from the wheat. In the evening, young men stand on one side and girls on the other. There were two places where they did the cracking: one was directly under our sleeping place. We were so tired that we went to sleep while the work continued. The next morning we interviewed orphans, both for the Near East Relief and for Hadjin Home. There is a wonderful spring called Jennet Punare (Spring of Heaven) and we climbed to it for a drink. On our way back to our stopping place we called on a family where we were refreshed with some of the nice native thin bread and delicious honey.

The road to Yerabakan, our next stopping point, is wonderful. I had been told that the views were remarkable, and the promise was more than fulfilled. Much of the way we were on the edge of the mountains, on paths so narrow that it was a wonder that our horses could find foothold. Part of the way was through pine forests and the air

*was*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

was sweet with the fragrance of the needles that carpeted the path. We had marvelous views of distant peaks and at one time had a glimpse of the Amanus mountains. There was one beautiful mountain called Ala Dagħ, (Mighty Mountain), so high it always has patches of snow on it. With a Gerumse man for guide, we had no difficulty about the road. Just before we got to Yerabakan, we passed below the ancient fortress high up on the mountain. It is formidable looking and it is perfectly marvelous that such a castle could ever have been constructed there. It is enormous and made of huge blocks of stone. We couldn't see how any one ever got up to it. It was probably built at the same time as the one at Fekke, which we visited later. No one knows when or by whom they were built. I have never seen anything more impressive.

We got to Yerabakan at half after four and went to the house of Miss Hagopian's cousin. People came right in and we had to visit steadily for two hours, which was hard when we felt so hot and dusty. At the time of the exile, there were eight hundred Armenians in the village. All were exiled and now two hundred and ninety eight have returned. A large number of the houses are destroyed, the church has no roof and not much flooring, and the church house hasn't one stone left on another. The cousin's house was not large enough for us to sleep on the porch and also have a  
*room*

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room in which to dress, so we took one of the rooms and had our beds there. In the night there was a dropping of earth on the beds from the ceiling, and we were told in the morning it was caused by the snakes. Every house has one or more, and it is considered to bring good luck. We were told that sometimes if there is music a snake will push its head out to listen.

A meeting in the church was arranged for the afternoon. We met in the roofless building and it was an affecting sight. Three rickety chairs were found for us, and the rest sat on the ground. As the service commenced, clouds gathered and rain began to fall. One of the men who lived near and who had a large porch invited us there. Just as we were through, some men who had been called from the meeting returned and announced the death of a woman in the village. There was a good deal of excitement and running. Miss Hagopian said we must go to the house, and there followed a painful scene. When we arrived in the room where the body was lying, women were crouched on the floor screaming and beating their breasts. Fortunately, it was not necessary for us to go in, so we waited outside. The husband sat reclining on the shoulder of another man and sobbed wildly. After a little while the body was brought out onto the porch and the group again went through the loud wailing. Burial has to follow very quickly after death, and we heard the sawing of boards

*as*



## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

as we sat there. A woman came and measured the length of the body and then the others sewed it up in a coverlid, while the husband shrieked and the women almost had hysterics. It was all quite dreadful. Then the men carried the body away and we went back to the house, where we were entertained at dinner by the man at whose house the afternoon meeting had been held.

We, with our host, sat on the floor about a round brass tray that rested on a small, low table about five inches high. The wife did not eat with us but, assisted by the other women of the household, served us. It is fun to make little shovels of the thin bread and eat the food with these, later eating the shovels themselves. To make this bread, a piece of dough is gradually rolled and pulled until it becomes a circle about two feet in diameter and thin as a sheet of paper. This is baked on an iron sheet, much skill being necessary to turn it successfully. Great piles of this bread are put aside for future use and when wanted each piece is wet down a little and folded toward the center from four sides, until finally the result is a square about six by six.

The children of the villages are in much better physical condition than those in Hadjin—much less eye trouble. We interviewed many orphans and made out the list of those whom we can take.

The next morning we started about eight o'clock for Fekke, the last village we were to visit. The

*road*



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road was very steep for an hour as we went down the mountain side through Kaladery, (valley of the rock) and Jinjedery, (valley of the gypsy). I was told that at Jinjedery, one of the people commented on the fact that we had no guard but another, looking at my two cameras fastened to my belt, replied, "Oh, she carries her weapons with her." This was Saturday and we wanted to arrive at Fekke in time to go to the castle that afternoon. It was fully as impressive as that at Yerabakan. The town lies at the foot of the rock on which the castle stands and we scrambled to the height with some weariness. It was a repaying thing to do, however. It is a ruin but enough remains for one to rebuild it in imagination. There is a wonderful view from the summit.

Sunday at Fekke was a busy day, beginning at half after seven with a church service. Edith and I spoke at this one and Miss Hagopian in the afternoon. We were greeted by Elisa and Leah, whose home Fekke had been when their parents were alive. They had been here for a few days' visit. We saw the big oven where Elisa's father was murdered in the time of the massacres of 1909. We stayed at the church house which was in good condition, as was the church,—they having been used by the Turks after the people were exiled. Leah's aunt was living in two of the rooms so Leah was there to help us. Fekke is in a desolate condition with two-thirds of the houses destroyed. The  
*people*

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people show great courage I think in facing the future and some of the men, who could do better by going either to Adana or Sis, are willing to stay and help if they can have a teacher and a preacher. It is worth while to give them all the aid we can.

It was entirely too busy a day, for there were numerous conferences and we were invited out for both dinner and supper. During the afternoon, between conferences, we called on two Turkish families. Turkish women can certainly be very charming. At the second house there were several other callers, of course women, and our hostess was busy seeing that coffee was served and that cigarettes were kept rolled. She was troubled that we did not join them in smoking. We left on Monday morning and, as we neared the school, all the girls were ranged along the road and their welcome was delightfully enthusiastic.

### *September Twenty-ninth*

I have taken over the general supervision of the orphans and that includes the providing and inspection of towels, clean clothes and so on. These are the orphans from the villages and the ones we have been having in the temporary orphanages. I shall go each day to the factory building to see about the boys while the girls are under our roof, or rather roofs, in the compound. All today, I have been making towels and washcloths and it is only a beginning. I am also going to do what I  
*can*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

can to make the rooms look attractive though I am limited by lack of decorations.

To-night after I had come to my room, Edith sent over asking me to go to see the treading of the grapes. There were two big tubs in each of which stood a woman treading out the juice. The scene was picturesque for it was dark and the girls were lighting the place with pine flares as it was out in the open. Another thing I did today was to paint numbers on many tin cups for the orphans. These are made out of tins which contained our condensed milk and they are very good looking with nice little handles soldered on.

### *October Fifth*

"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." This has been the best week I have had in this far country as to mail. Both post days have brought me a goodly grist and, as I was a little cast down by the prospect of the winter's work, it was most opportune. We shall get straightened out before many weeks and then it will be easier. All of the children coming from the villages have to pass through Miss Super's hands to be inspected and the majority of them have something the matter with them. This past week there have been as many as sixty-four children sleeping in the clinic. It is a tremendous thing to get the children in a condition so that they can

*consort*

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consort with the rest of the world. When they arrive they are taken at once to the clinic and given a bath and scrubbed with a scrubbing brush. Most of the children from Gerumse had both head and body lice. Miss Super and her helpers set to and scrubbed with a vengeance. After the first washing—fortunately the children did not all arrive on the same day—you would see a group going around with their heads done up in enveloping cloth which kept the fumes of the kerosene in and then the following day the heads would have another washing. Two sets of outer and under clothes have to be made for each child so you can imagine we had our hands full. Most of the children had “itch,” that horrid disease which comes from living in dirty surroundings. Miss Super is most successful in her treatment but great care has to be exercised to keep one child from giving it to another. Room 17, the room in the house which is used for some of the orphans, is beginning to look rather well. I made curtains for the three windows of unbleached muslin with a nice valance at the top. I have driven nails for each child’s cup and towel and later they are each going to have a bottje (a square of cloth) for their own clothes and any belongings they may have.

I am glad of the magazines for something beside reading material for I anticipate decorating the walls of the rooms with the colored covers as time goes on. Tomorrow I can begin to get the  
*children*

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children into their permanent quarters. All the rest are to be in three rooms in the clinic. The upper part has never been finished but it will soon have flooring and the roof mended. We have a splendid woman for matron whom we secured in Fekke. She is very motherly and efficient. The children are, many of them, wild little things—they have lived like animals; many of them, during exile, were with the Arabs.

When we were in Fekke we had a very nice meal with a young man in his home. He is rather well to do and has recovered some of his property. He has recently married and has with him his little sister and brother but his parents were killed in exile. The sister is very pretty and about fifteen I should think. At the time of the deportation, the older brother was left in Aleppo but in some way the young sister and little brother were sent on toward Der Zor. At one time, when the party was moving somewhat slowly, the Arabs rode into the company, slashing right and left with their knives and urging them on. Many were killed and the descriptions we listened to were terrible. Men and women were cut all to pieces. The two frantic children ran one way and then another and finally the girl offered all the gold she had in a belt—at this time, she had only one whole garment left—to some Arabs, asking that she and her brother be spared. Strangely enough, there seems to be a kind of honor among these wild people and, after taking

*the*

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the money, the children were allowed to go free. Some days afterwards, in a crowd, the girl suddenly heard her aunt's voice and found this one relative who had been sent off with another party. To look at her you would never imagine that the child had gone through such experiences.

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Hadjin instead of seeming more possible as a place in which to live seems less so as time goes on. I am speaking of the city, of course. As we rode back from the church service I was impressed increasingly with the horrible state of things, such filth, many of the people living like rats. It seems almost hopeless to me, and yet Matteos reports that the people are getting on very well. You see we have turned away the rabble now that school has begun and the Mennonites are here and can take on that form of relief. They say there is now employment in the city for many of the men. The orphanage in the vank (monastery), carried on by the Armenian Committee, will open before long and they are planning for a thousand children. Just think of it, they are bringing orphans from other places! How anyone can think that wise I fail to understand, for it is almost impossible to buy anything here. We are anxiously awaiting the coming of Minas Effendi who has been gone over a month and who is to bring many necessary things for our orphans here.

*I keep*

L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

I keep forgetting to tell you the pretty salutations with which we are greeted on the road. Sometimes it is "Go in peace" or "May you meet God on the road" and again "May you go laughing, laughing." Navart calls me for my bath and when I come out I find her standing near the door to say, "May it be health to you."

*October Tenth*

It is interesting to see the change in the children who have been rescued from the Turks. The Siranoosh of whom I have spoken, was cruelly treated as a little slave and her mind was almost shattered. She seemed stupid when she came but now she shows marked improvement and will, we think, develop into an intelligent young girl. She is exceedingly pretty and has a sweet nature. She was so ill used, that she can't recall her last name nor where her home was before the exiling. Gulania, who used to help with the wool, is a dear child and she looks as if she had good blood. She is sure that she lived in Caesarea but she doesn't know the name of her parents. She thinks they were killed but she is not certain.

I feel very happy about my work and I only wish I could understand the funny things the children say. I suppose some people might think I would find it more interesting to be in a place where there were a larger number of Americans or  
*perhaps*



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perhaps a place of more political importance. I feel that nowhere else could I have had a richer experience. Even if I can't speak the language, I get nearer to the people where there is such a small group. I feel very close to the girls and the teachers and I shall always think it a wonderful year. Miss Super has been working terribly hard and she has given out for a day or two—she hopes to be up tomorrow. I keep remarkably well, hardly ever a headache. I have some trouble with sleeplessness. I suppose it may be the altitude, but even if at night I sleep little it doesn't make me ill. It isn't bad to look out at the sky on wonderful moonlight nights like the ones we are having just now. We are beginning to have rains but most of the days are sunny.

### *October Fourth*

For a time the stove in our American kitchen acted in a distressing manner until we discovered that the poor thing was choked with soot and now, that the pipe has been cleaned, it is doing nobly. Until supplies arrive from Adana I have just half a cup of fat for any kind of cooking.

The attitude of the people toward this school is perfectly astonishing. There is a Gregorian school in the city where the tuition is free but the people scorn it. They say nowhere can their children get what they can from Hadjin Home School. The  
*capacity*



## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

capacity has been reached and still the cry is insistent that we take in more. A girl who went to Constantinople and took her little sister is sending her back here for she says there is nothing like Hadjin Home. Certainly the spirit is beautiful. Just think of it, with only one mission worker, a big boys' school is also being carried on. I wish you could see some of our children—I mean especially the new orphans. We have two sets of little sisters. You remember Elmas? Sometime after she appeared among us, her tiny sister Mary was discovered. She was living with a woman who finally left her in the street and then we added her to our number. She is badly diseased but Miss Super has done wonders for her and she may get well. Elmas is absolutely devoted to her and is always seen hand in hand with little sister. Elmas is gradually acquiring round cheeks and is quite a darling. The other sisters are Azadoohee and Bayzar, six and four respectively. Bayzar is rather bad and would be benefited by a spanking at times. She has spunk which poor little Mary isn't capable of at present. To see these two sets going about together is very sweet. We have some nice boys among our orphans, fine manly fellows who will repay our care I am sure.

*October Twenty-fifth*

We are off for a picnic to the Pines, a place where the people used, in pre-war days, to go for  
*a summer*

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a summer outing of several weeks. We are taking our luncheon and joining forces with the Ebys and Miss Bredemus. It is a trip of about two hours so we hope to get off by ten o'clock.

No post came yesterday but we understand that the man is on the way. I hope the stories are not true of trouble in the Adana region. General Mudge told us that we were especially safe here. I don't mean that there would be danger for us personally anyway, but for the Armenians. I can faintly realize what it would be to have any harm threaten our girls. I don't see how I could live and have little Elmas hurt. I think there will be only sporadic uprisings and they will be quickly suppressed by the English I feel sure. I worry when I think you will read alarming reports in the papers and I only speak of what we hear because I know that by the time what I write reaches you everything will be quiet again. For a long time, or until peace is signed with Turkey, there will be trouble. The Turks are beginning to think the Allies do not mean business and I am not surprised. When the preacher who is on his way from Adana arrives he will know the true state of things.

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We had a lovely time this afternoon as I knew we should for the day was perfect, bright but not glaring, and the Pines, a beautiful place.  
*Our*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

Our road led "up hill all the way" until, when we reached our destination, we were six thousand feet up. The breath of the pines was sweet and the ground was dotted with the dearest little autumn crocuses. They are pale lavender with golden centers. There was a wind stirring in the trees and the view of distant mountain peaks was beautiful. We ate our luncheon spread on pine needles and then went to a cold spring for a drink of delicious water. It was all so peaceful that it was hard to believe that there could be trouble anywhere. Darkness settles down early here in the mountains and we only got home in time to see our way and it was barely half after five.

### *October Twenty-seventh*

I think I will outline my day for you. I got up a little before six and at twenty minutes of seven I was in the kitchen to see that breakfast was coming on properly. After prayers I went to find how many orphans lacked yemenies (a kind of slipper) and arranged to have them fitted as far as we could from the small stock we have on hand, and planned for the rest to have their measures taken in the afternoon. I wound the clocks, which I had forgotten to do on Sunday, and then came over to this house to start the woman on the underclothes. I cut and fitted and told the woman what to do. In the interims I got dinner started. I was consulted several times about relief problems. I had to go  
to

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to bring children from school to be fitted. I finished getting dinner; goats meat pie, stewed tomatoes, and apricot soufflé. I spoke directly afterward at the school exercises. I worked with my sewing woman and got ready for my sewing class in the school. When that was partly through I was called out to send some things to Surp Sarkis for the orphans. I also had to see to fitting out nine of them with stockings. We have just received four thousand pairs from the Lord Mayor's Fund at Adana.

Then we decided to fit out our orphans while the contents of the great bales were spread out on the ground. It was quite an affair, for we fitted each of the fifty-eight girls with two pairs. I left for a moment to call Leah and tell her what to start for supper, which we have at half after five. I got through in time to finish the cocoa and scramble the eggs. I am now in my room and quite ready to go to bed. A letter came with the loads from Adana from Dr. Chambers and we feel rather depressed. He says it is rumored that the English are withdrawing and the French are coming in.

### *November Second*

The Armenian bodvilli (preacher), so long expected, has at last arrived with his family. He and his wife speak English passably well as they were in Aleppo part of the time of their exile and had  
*to*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

to do with the British. They were sent to Rakka, that place where so many of the people died of starvation. The children look weak and the wife is not strong. They had a hard time getting here from Adana, as it was just when there was trouble with the Turkish chettes (brigands). One Armenian village near Adana is reported to be entirely wiped out. The bodvilli's family arrived in Jehan, formerly called Hamedia, just after seven Armenians, four men, two women and a small child had been murdered. The bodvilli buried them and he said it was horrible, for the bodies had been terribly mutilated. Soon the chettes were captured, most of them it is believed, and seven were shot. He saw this. They were delayed for a long time but finally got here. Word had gone out that Hadjin was surrounded by four thousand chettes and they didn't dare to venture on the road. It is rather funny for we are very safe here. A report usually goes out, Edith says, if there is trouble either in Constantinople or even the Caucasus, that Hadjin is in peril. All the time while the trouble was on, in the vicinity of Adana, we were exceptionally peaceful. You know we went to the last villages with only our catturje and not even one gendarme. I am glad I am so far from "civilization." It is safer.

We have a little boy named Mihran, who is eight years old we think. When his parents were exiled four years ago all of the children went with  
*them*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

them. With the exception of Mihran all died and eventually he was discovered by a relative and taken back to Yerabakan. He was neglected and when we visited the village a month ago we arranged to have him sent to us with the other orphans. Shortly before he came, some boys stoned him, injuring his knee quite badly. He is the dearest little boy and I can't see how any one could have wanted to hurt him. Miss Super bandages his knee each morning and he is so cunning about helping her. He always takes off the bandage himself and rolls it up neatly. We have made up our minds to keep a little boy whom we expected to send to Surp Sarkis with some other children because we were so crowded. He, at first, was very difficult to manage for he would not keep his bandages on and he had itch badly. Little Vahan is four and he was such a trial that Miss Super longed to get him off her hands as she had so much to do for the rest. She tried every way to make him mind and finally there seemed nothing to do but to tie his hands and have him go without his supper. He has been absolutely good since then and is completely cured of his trouble. Today was Edith's day to stay home from church and she had some of the youngest children at the house. About the time for us to come home she went with them to the bridge to meet us. She took little Vahan's hand in hers and they walked along together. He looked up at her and said, "Once the doctor (they  
*call*

L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

call Miss Super doctor) took my hand in hers like this." Wasn't that pathetic? We are so horribly busy we have little time to pet the children. They are wild to speak English and when they learn certain phrases they use them as the fancy takes them. For instance, Stepan wanted to thank me for his handkerchief so he said, "good bye" which answered perfectly for I knew what he meant and that was all that was necessary.

Miss Super is indefatigable. She is devoted to the children and is a clever and ingenious nurse. She has difficulty in getting medicines from Adana and tomorrow she will have to close the clinic until supplies come. It is rather frightening to be without remedies with so many children in our care.

*November Eighteenth*

A letter from Mrs H—— came today, so loving that it made me very happy. The knowledge that people care for you keeps your courage up. It is what has helped me more than anything else this year. I have been fitting the small children with the hooded capes which are now finished and they are too dear. I am eager to see them march to church in their new garments. Mihran is our continual delight. The other day, someone asked him if he was hungry—if he had enough to eat. He said, "Hungry boys sit still and sulk. Don't you see that I run and jump?"

*November*



## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

### *November Twenty-second*

"Snow on the mountains!" was the exclamation day before yesterday when we came to breakfast and we could feel it in the air as well as see it. I am so thankful that the girls all have their flannel petticoats. They come shivering to me in spite of this but I have to think how much better off they are than they were before and let it go at that. I have five of the tiniest ones in their cotton flannel suits but it is a job to get two sets for fifty-six children. I never in all my existence lived in such a rush.

A Turk who brought wheat some weeks ago was seeing to its being carried to a place to be emptied and Matteos was lending a hand. Miss Hagopian and Alethea were standing near and the Turk said, "Here girls, why don't you help, it's a shame to let the Effendi work." It was especially funny as these two are the ones who are college graduates and the Turk wasn't joking in the least. Of course, women should do the work and let the men sit around.

### *November Twenty-third*

It is a joy to be in a warm room and last evening I stayed up rather late just because it seemed so cozy. I have a funny little affair that used to belong to the Gardners. You know how a wood stove can heat in a hurry so I shall be very *comfortable*



## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

fortable, especially as there is to be a stove in the room where the sewing women are. I sit in my room now with small Mihran cutting out paper birds on the floor. We had an interesting time at dinner, for Miss Hagopian and Edith told about the experiences one of the teachers went through at the hands of the Turks. Josephine was in the Talas school and she with the other girls was made a prisoner when the property was taken and the school broken up. Great numbers of the Caesarea Armenians became Moslems and these urged the girls to change their faith to save their lives but nothing moved them. They suffered no physical violence but the wonder is they kept their minds. They were used as nurses in a Turkish hospital but had no freedom to leave. At one time, they were told they were to be married to Turks that their Armenian blood might be purified. They replied, "Our blood will not mingle with yours." Again and again they were brought before officials who said their last day had come if they would not recant—that their names "were written" for deportation. They were made prisoners in May, 1916, and in February, 1919, they were liberated. At the last, they were asked what their reply was to the demand to change their religion, and they said, "Look at your books for May, 1916, and you will see our reply—we have had no reason to change."

We have a new gendarme commandant and the present incumbent is a very pleasing man of education.

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

tion. He called yesterday and we like him very much. His father was a lawyer and his mother a graduate of Constantinople College. Both of them, five of his brothers and his two sisters have been killed. There have been so many massacres that I am interested when Miss Hagopian refers to things as happening after the Zeitoun massacre—the Adana massacre and so on.

### *November Thirtieth*

This afternoon, Lieutenant Suby, a French officer who has been making a tour of our province of Cilicia, called on us. He told us that Marash and Aintab are included in Cilicia and the entire district has been assigned to France. He seemed antagonistic toward the Armenians in what he said. After he left, we learned that he came from Morocco and is a Moslem. This accounts for his attitude. He looks like a Levantine.

We are rejoiced to have warmer weather, especially as today Miss Hagopian started for Adana on her way to America. The week has been busy getting her ready.

### *December Seventh*

We walked to church today and I was impressed anew with the wretchedness of Hadjin. I am collecting the underwear that our children do not need now that they have their winter suits and we  
*are*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

are going to try to fit out some miserable little Kurdish children. Speaking of the Kurds, we had a call the other day from a very nice Kurdish sheik whose name is Dersoon Effendi. He is a splendid type of man and a good friend to the missionaries and to the Armenians as well. When the deportations took place, he felt terribly. Some years ago there was a great deal of brigandage in the pass this side of Caesarea. The government invited this sheik and his people to move there, offering to give them a large tract of land if they would promise to protect the pass. This they have successfully done ever since. When Dersoon Effendi called the other day I met him and, in the course of the visit, expressed my admiration for his beautiful stockings. He looked interested and when he came again yesterday he brought me a present of a very fine pair, spun, dyed and knit by a member of his household. Edith says he has an immense house for, aside from his wives, the families of his various married children live with him in the old patriarchal manner.

### *December Twentieth*

We are having the first real snow today and it is a most lovely sight. It is not cold, so the snow is soft and clings to every leaf and twig making the most beautiful picture you can imagine. The clematis has been so pretty all the fall with its fluffy clusters and these, still holding their own, are now  
*like*

L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

like sprays of exquisite white flowers. I stood this afternoon looking down our valley to the merry little stream dashing along in a mad way, its loud song coming up to me as I stood in the falling snow.

There is something very queer going on in the money market we feel sure but we know nothing about what it is. We have had word not to pay any remittances now and every one is afraid to use money in any way. We have no idea what it means. As no word came from Adana we may be in the dark for some time. There is more trouble with the chettes so that the bodvilli did not go to Shar as he planned to do. He was to start this morning but the kaimakam and the gendarme commandant advised against it.

*December Twenty-fifth*

\* \* \* So ends the Christmas Day! To go back to the beginning; I suppose I should first tell you of last evening, or even go farther back to the afternoon when we three worked with feverish haste making the two hundred bags for the children. We finished them at last and then there was the tree to trim in the school room. It was a pine tree and, at first, it looked pretty hopeless but it is remarkable what can be accomplished with unpromising material. The trimmings were old and tarnished and very few in number but, by a wise distribution, the effect was not half bad. The play  
*the*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

the girls gave was a dramatization of the story of Esther and it was done exceedingly well. King Ahasuerus looked very impressive in my blue kimono and my black and white striped one figured prominently in the costume of the wicked Haman. The boys from the orphanage gave two plays and the distribution of presents ended the performance. Each bag had leb lebbies, raisins and locoom (Turkish delight) and then each child was given an orange. At a few minutes after five this morning I was wakened by the singing of carols outside my room. When the singing ended and I opened the door to thank the girls, it was a pretty sight to see them all holding candles. The weather, which had been threatening, had changed and the sky was clear with a very bright star just overhead. It seemed very like the song of the angels. Other groups followed and the singing kept up for almost an hour. We had dinner by ourselves and sacrificed the largest of our turkeys for the feast. We had decided to receive calls on the Armenian Christmas but to our dismay a number of people came today so the afternoon was a busy one with twenty-nine guests.

### *December Twenty-seventh*

I am just up from my knees before the fire, a not unusual position for me these days of wet wood. We are having almost constant rain and with roofs  
*that*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

that leak, stables, henhouses and woodhouses that are not proof against the wet, we are in somewhat of a sorry plight. There are many interesting things that I see and think I will, without fail, remember and tell you and then I as promptly forget them. I have meant to tell you about the big block of stone with a place hollowed out on top where the women come to pound their salt. I pass it every time I go to the city and sometimes the women are there working away at the coarse dirty stuff.

### *January Eleventh*

This noon, just as dinner was over, Mr. Nilson arrived from Adana much to our surprise. We knew he was coming but we had expected him a little later. He is a fine man and we are delighted to have him here, although we find he can stay only a week or ten days at the longest. One thing he offers to do is to fill out the orphan blanks, work that has been hanging over our heads for some time. He has been giving us much gossip, and of course it has been exciting to have this touch with the world.

### *January Fifteenth*

You poor people live such a monotonous life in quiet Evanston, with your mail coming regularly, —now we never know whether anything will come

*or*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

or not and we can have the thrill of hearing that robber bands are out on the road, and so, for that reason, the post may not arrive. This was the word we got last Tuesday; that the man did not dare to venture from Sis. The following day, we are told that the two mails will come in as the "bad Turks" have been driven away. "It's a gay life if you don't weaken." Did I tell you that some months ago it was reported that three thousand Turks were gathered at Everek fully armed and prepared to march on Hadjin and wipe it off the map? They were even reported to have cannon. Of course, we never gave it a thought for the suggestion was so foolish, but that's the kind of thing that people on the outside hear and then think we are risking our lives to be here. All the time we have been perfectly peaceful and so we shall remain. Mr. Nilson reports that the French are doing a good deal in the way of road building between here and Sis, so in time, motors will make the trip. How thankful I am that my experience has come before that.

*January Twenty-fifth*

"Soup of the evening, beautiful soup." Do you know, Lewis Carroll must have been referring to Hadjin and the American compound when he made this parody. We always have soup for supper as it is the easiest to prepare and I have invented some new combinations that are quite good.

*Edith*



## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

Edith said that I was following the tradition of the place in having soup, for when she first came to Hadjin and was asked to take over the American housekeeping she proposed to Kevork the cook to have soup for dinner. He replied, "Soup dinner, no—soup supper."

To change the subject and to lead up to a story, let me remind you that I am greatly disappointed not to be planning, when I finally leave Hadjin, to go out by way of Zeitoon to Marash. The Zeitoonlu used, at least in the past, to wear very picturesque costumes and the city you may recall, was one of the two places, Hadjin being the other, to hold out against the Turks when the Armenians were struggling for their independence. The people are extremely conservative and they tell of a man whose wife died and who refused to look on her face after she was dead. He said, "Never while she was alive did I see her face and now that she is dead I will pay her the same respect." It was in coming back from a mission meeting at Marash by way of Zeitoon that Edith reports a curious experience. The party was escorted by a band of men of whom they had their suspicions, a self constituted escort. When they were nearly at Hadjin, the men said they were robbers but they decided to protect the missionaries and not let other robbers attack them. On the whole, foreigners are pretty safe for it is generally understood that they never carry money with them. When  
*Mr.*



## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

Mr. Nilson was coming here, he was told in Sis that the road was not safe but Dersoon Effendi and another Kurd were coming and they said they would look out for him. At one time, they had him put on the big coat and hood belonging to one of them, to conceal the fact that he was a "hat wearer," as they call all foreigners. He had not the slightest difficulty however. These things are generally scares.

I don't think I have told you the names of many of the children. When I first came, they sounded droll to me but now I think them the most natural in the world. Siranoosh, Shenorick, Gulezar, Teshgoon, Azniv, Siroon, Rahel, Hripsima, Aroosiak, Serarpi, Semagule, Gassia, Yeranika, Zaroohee, Yeranoohee, and Serpoohee are fair examples. Do you wonder that at first I thought I should never master them? Now, as far as the orphan girls go, I can tell each child at long distance by both name and number. We rejoice in only ten Mariams and I know their last names as well.

### *February Tenth*

It is bitterly cold and in many of the rooms it is just like being out of doors. I kept to my room for three days on account of a cold, but Saturday I went over to the other house to take up my regular duties, and then Miss Super gave out. Mr. Nilson left two weeks ago and we have had about  
*all*

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all we could bear in the way of anxiety about work and the work itself. Monday, Miss Super was just getting around, Edith was nearly ill and I was feeling somewhat below par when, lo and behold, a guest appeared—Mr. Seeley from Adana. We were having a young blizzard when he arrived. He is a new relief worker who has lately come from France where he was a motor driver during two years of the war. He brought blankets and cloth for distribution in the villages in our region. Of course, with deep snow in many sections, it is impossible to get to these places now. It is most agreeable to have the young man here but after the weather takes a turn for the better, he will go back to Adana and leave the relief goods for us to see to later.

*February Twelfth*

We have enjoyed Mr. Seeley and we were sorry in many ways to have him leave this afternoon. He is as nice a young fellow as one often meets,—big and strapping but with such a sweet spirit. He said he liked Hadjin so much that he would enjoy being appointed here. Isn't it interesting how people care for the place almost at once? The cold is a little less and we are grateful. It has been hard to live these last few days. Everyone says they never knew anything like it here. One of the things Mr. Seeley did was to fix the furnace. We seemed to get no heat and it was discovered that

*one*

L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

one of the pipes missed connections. Today, by way of contrast, it feels quite tropical in the main house.

I am glad to think you are at this moment probably in California. You know distance makes very little difference. I have felt in some ways nearer to you than ever before while I have been here—the spirit is all that really counts I think.

*March Second*

It is such a pity I have been ill but today I started in again at my work and, although naturally I am a little more tired than usual, I have stood the test well. The weather has turned warm and today was ideally beautiful. You may not feel as thrilled as I do, to know that twenty-seven of the dresses are finished, but I am quite elated.

*March Sixth*

This is a most wonderful sunny morning. I am about out of the woods, as regards my cough, I think. It has been a siege and I have been sorry to fall by the way when everyone else was tired. It may, for several reasons, not be possible for me to go to Marash and Aintab but I shall know better later. We have a very sick little boy and I fear he will not pull through, although the strength of these people is remarkable. When salts are given to a man like our cotturje, for example, the dose is as  
*large*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

large as that for a horse. If they were not inured to hardships, they could never have lived through exile.

NOTE—*This was the last letter received in America from Hadjin until February, 1922, when the following communication, posted March 10th, 1920, was finally released by the Nationalists.*

### *March Seventh*

Today has been wonderful—such sunshine and blue skies. Several of the children brought me little yellow crocuses, our first spring flowers. It seemed as if winter never would end but the ceremony of a week ago has worked the charm. The girls “burned winter” and that finished it. The usual custom in the town is to have a bonfire on the roof, which on native houses is made of mud. Because I was ill in my room the girls wanted me to see the fun, so built the fire on the ground below my windows. It is well to know this custom for it is effective. From that night the weather has been mild. \* \* \* \* There is a matter about which I have avoided writing and I may have made a mistake. I am thinking you may have heard of Marash and the troubles there and been alarmed about me. There was a massacre and until recently, we could get no news ourselves. It was all just as terrible as could be but, as I hope you know, all of the missionaries and relief work-  
*workers*

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ers are safe. We naturally have had some alarm here but no real difficulty. At a later date, I will give you all details but you are not to have a second's anxiety about me. I should not think of leaving Hadjin while there was reason for fear but, if that seems past, I can go feeling quiet about Edith and the children. When you receive this, I hope to be started on my way toward you and I confess I am mighty anxious to see you. Sometimes it seems as if I couldn't wait.



# WRITTEN BUT NOT SENT





## WRITTEN BUT NOT SENT

*February Third*

So many rumors come to us that I have decided to keep a record of events which may be of interest to you later. I shall write nothing in my letters that will give you cause for alarm as you cannot help us whatever happens. Because this account, if you ever read it, will not go through the regular channels but will be handed to you, I shall tell you some things which I should not dare trust to the post on account of censorship. I have said little about the way the French are handling matters in this region. You know that they have been given control of Cilicia and their present policy is to supply weapons to the Armenians. It is a policy which seems to us most unwise, for the Armenians, smarting from past cruelty and injustice, are certain to take it out on the Turks when the opportunity offers. All through the fall and winter the Armenians have, by means of dramatic entertainments, kept their past sufferings vivid. The Turkish *kaimakam*

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makam has been removed and an Armenian has replaced him.

We have heard of some Turkish villages where arms have been forcibly seized by Armenian gendarmes. All this creates unrest and friction. Word has come to us that a great body of Turks is being gathered together in the north under a leader called Mustapha Kemal Pasha, who is determined to drive the French out of the country. It is said that Marash is being attacked. You will recall that this city is four days' journey from us—about a hundred and twenty miles—and our Hadjin people are in a panic. They say, "We shall be the next." Although the French are supposed to be protecting Cilicia, not a French soldier has been sent to this city to guard it although the French have filled all the offices with their own appointees,—Armenians in French uniforms—and the French flag has been raised over the Gregorian school.

It is very cold and we have had much snow, so that at present the mountain passes cannot be traveled but when the snow melts we shall see. It is reported that even the Turkish women and boys are being armed and our poor people feel that they are doomed.

*February Fourth*

The bodvilli has tried telegraphing to Marash  
—it is long since post has come from friends there  
—*but*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

—but no word gets through, so we are confirmed in our fears that that place is surrounded and cut off. This afternoon we got the horses out and rode over to the orphanage in the vank, carried on by the Armenian committee. The poor matron has lost so many members of her family in massacres that she has little hope that Hadjin will be spared. All this and the stories told on every side of past horrors is not especially cheering in view of our present situation. Fortunately we are so overwhelmed with work that we have little time to think of anything else. My children must have their new clothes made and their old ones patched. It is a mercy that the common task can almost fill the horizon.

### *February Sixth*

We are told that in the region of Everek, the Turks are massing, with Hadjin as one of their chief objectives. A letter has come to us from Rear Admiral Bristol—our High Commissioner in Constantinople—reminding us that all Americans in Turkey must be absolutely neutral, siding with neither French nor Armenians. Groups of Armenians are constantly coming to the compound to discuss the sending of letters and telegrams. The French reply that there is no reason for fear—when the need arises, adequate protection will be provided.

### *February*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

### *February Eighth*

Edith has just been over to tell me of word that has come from an Armenian village, far away on the border of Cilicia, asking that the people be received and sheltered in Hadjin. It seems heartless to refuse but with this city overcrowded—the people in many cases living in caves and holes in the ground—seven thousand trying to live in the five hundred houses that still stand, there is no room.

### *February Eleventh*

I am writing this in the evening after a most terrible day. About nine o'clock this morning, two Armenians, almost unconscious from cold and exhaustion, came to our gate. Their story was this—the Americans in Marash, which had been cut off from the world for several weeks, sent a courier with word of their condition to Hadjin. He reached Zeitoon but would go no further. Lots were cast among the Zeitoonlu for two men to continue the journey. The ones who drew the fatal papers said, "To go is death, to stay is death," and so, traveling only at night and by way of the mountain peaks, almost perishing with cold, they came to us. They had been on the road six nights. They had a paper saying the bearers were to be paid twenty gold pounds. The message they brought was in the form of a telegram and read as follows—"The Turks and the French are fighting.

*The*

# L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

The French, who are fighting from our compound, are distinctly on the defensive. Many Christians in the city have been killed, some of our orphans wounded. We are short of food. Send word to Arnold and Bristol Constantinople and American Consul Aleppo." This was signed by the relief director of Marash. It seems so strange and pitiful to think that Marash, a large city, should be seeking help from little Hadjin, the most inaccessible place where relief work is being done. However we still have telegraphic communication and as soon as the message could be taken to the station it was on its way—we hope it will not be tampered with.

These same men brought a letter to our bodvilli from the one in Marash, which told of the cutting down of his young wife and two little children by the Turks. You in America may know more of conditions in the interior than we but the danger seems near. We four had a consultation in Edith's office. In my letter which went to you yesterday, I told you of the arrival of Mr. Seeley, a relief worker from Adana who came for a few days' visit and to bring blankets and cloth. He urged us to go to Adana while the road is still open. With one accord, we three said, "No, our place is here." It is desirable for Mr. Seeley to return to Adana for he can present our situation to the authorities and we want him to go at once. Edith and I talked together after the others had left. Edith said, "I  
*feel*

# LETTERS FROM CILICIA

feel that it is quite possible that six weeks from now we shall not be living." We quietly face that thought for we know that if, by leaving now, we could save our lives, we should lose our souls. Life seems very sweet to me and I long to see you all again—but if the end is to come here in Turkey and at the hands of the Turks, then I must believe it is God's plan for me. If death here is to be my lot, then I pray that I may meet it with courage high. Some time ago, I read some verses in the Congregationalist that moved me and I cut out the bit. I am going to copy it here, for at this moment, it gives me comfort.

"In pastures green? Not always; sometimes He  
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me  
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

And by still waters? No, not always so,  
Oftimes the heavy tempests round me blow,  
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest and I cry  
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,  
And whispers to my soul, 'Lo, it is I'.

Lo, where He leads me, I can safely go,  
And in the blest hereafter, I shall know  
Why, in his wisdom, He has led me so."

I am writing a note to Mr. B——, which will go with Mr. Seeley to Adana and then by courier to Constantinople, from where it can be sent by British post. This note contains a sealed letter to you, which, when there is reasonable proof that I am not living, will be given to you.

*February*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

### *February Twelfth*

Mr. Seeley left us today and although it was absolutely the right thing for him to go, we felt somewhat forlorn as he disappeared down the road. We hope that the food requisition we sent by him can be filled and sent to us while there is still opportunity.

### *February Fifteenth*

As my cold continues and I cough almost incessantly I have again taken to my bed so that what news filters in is brought to my room. Some of the girls who have been working hard for a concert to be given the last of March came over to talk. They are much depressed and Leah said, "What is the use? We shall all be killed by that time." In one way or another all the children hear about the threatened trouble and yesterday dear chubby little Vahan declared, "If the Turks come to cut off my head I shall just run away." Poor little things, the name Islam makes them tremble. Of course there are many friendly Turks who have never had any sympathy for the outrages perpetrated on the Armenians. In many cases Turks have hidden and protected Armenians but when danger threatens it is hard for them to remember that there is such a thing as a good Turk. As I look from my window I see an Armenian most picturesquely dressed. He is a soldier and a member of the group of twenty men who are on guard

on



## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

on one of the peaks above us. The air is sharp and he wears a white bashlek, a kind of hood made by the Circassians, the ends of which, after being crossed in front, tie again at the back. With his many bands of cartridges and his gun he looks formidable. We must be absolutely neutral so we have refused to contribute money toward defense but we have satisfied ourselves that it is right to lend blankets to keep the men warm as they watch.

\* \* \* \* \*

A messenger has just come with letters from Adana urging us to leave—the thought being that in case the Turks come and a massacre follows we shall be powerless to save our orphans. We see no reason for altering our decision and we shall stay with the terrified people, knowing that our presence is a comfort to them. We have had some parties for the children to turn their thoughts from their fright. It is a satisfaction to do this for it takes so little to give them pleasure.

### *February Eighteenth*

Still no real knowledge of conditions. Naturally the people constantly talk of past suffering. Mariam, one of my sewing women, has a sadder look than ever in her eyes as she thinks of her three children who died of starvation as they traveled the exile's road to Der Zor and of her husband who was buried alive. How many Rachels there are  
*weeping*



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weeping for their children! Elisa, just at the point of graduation, so loyal and right minded, cannot forget that ten years ago her father was cut down in his own bake oven in the village of Fekke by the Turks. It is difficult to feel optimistic but, because of the pathetic faith that the native people have in Americans, we must smile while our hearts are sad. I have been looking over some papers I brought with me from home and I came across a copy of that fine old Lutheran hymn that we so love. Some of the lines seem to fit well into the past, present and future of this mistreated nation.

“The vast unnumbered throngs that sway,  
Around the throne in white array,  
All swinging palms and singing psalms  
Of vict’ry: Who are they?  
They are the ransom’d hosts that from  
Temptation, cross and martyrdom  
Have come to meet at Jesus’ feet  
In the eternal home.  
And there array’d in cleans’d attire  
Their anthems sing to harp and lyre,  
With cherubim and seraphim  
In heav’n’s celestial choir.

“While here on earth their hearts were sad,  
But see them now, surpassing glad,  
Triumphant face the throne of grace,  
In regal garments clad.  
In trials and misfortunes they  
Had none their sorrows to allay;  
But there above, the God of love  
Has wiped their tears away.

*They*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

They now enjoy the Sabbath rest  
And paschal banquet of the blest,  
At festal board, where Christ, their Lord,  
Himself is host and guest."

### *February Twenty-second*

This afternoon while I was writing I heard a tap on my door and found that the bodvilli had come to say goodbye. It has just been decided that he shall go to Adana to put in a personal plea for help for Hadjin. His companions are the Gregorian bishop and the head of the Gregorian school. What they can accomplish is uncertain but it is worth trying.

### *February Twenty-sixth*

No authentic word has come to us but there is a rumor that the men on their way to Adana were attacked. We do not know their fate. In the meantime fear increases.

### *February Twenty-seventh*

We have two Moslem girls in the school, Ayesha about twenty years old who was divorced for no cause by her husband and is anxious to get an education, hoping to be able to teach, and a dear little girl, Jennet who is eleven or twelve. Today both girls were brought by their mothers with the request that they stay all the time at the school. The feeling toward all Moslems is not good—there are about three hundred in Hadjin—and these two  
*mothers*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

mothers fear for their daughters. Edith has given them permission to come tonight.

### *February Twenty-eighth*

This afternoon I looked out toward a small level place in the little valley on my side of the compound and saw a group of Armenians practising warfare. They would advance a short way, then throw themselves on their faces, bringing their guns into position. Again and again they did this. For hundreds of years the Turks have forbidden the use of weapons to the Armenians so that now they are doing their best to prepare themselves to meet the enemy. It is a pathetic sight to see the men in this mountain pocket doing what they can to protect the city. A rather lawless band of Armenians called gamavoors has drifted into the place. They are men from the region of Erzroom and Everek, who were driven into exile in 1915, and found nothing but ruined homes to greet them on their return. Having neither families nor homes they are ready to sell their services for a small sum to any place needing help. Their leader is a man who fought under the great Antranik in the Caucasus. In many ways the coming of these men is bad for the city for they have gained control of the place and, despite the wishes of many of the citizens, are harassing the Moslems of Hadjin and those in the surrounding villages. It was one of these men who frightened Ayesha's mother.

### *March*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

### *March First*

A letter came today from the bodvilli. Such an experience as his party had! Not far from Sis they were set on by bandits and fought for their lives. Their horses were shot from under them but the three men found a refuge in a deep cave and for two hours held the enemy at bay. Just as their ammunition was getting low a company of friends from Sis, having received news of the fight, arrived and rescued them. They reached Adana safely but there is little that is hopeful to report about troops being sent to Hadjin and the bodvilli recognizes that the road back to us is closed. His wife is frail, the result of her four years in exile, and our hearts ache for her and her three dear little boys. Yesterday, on our way home from church, we saw men carrying great timbers—they are using them in the fortification of the city. Our Mennonite friends feel confident that no harm is coming to Hadjin but we are not so sanguine.

### *March Third*

The days go on with little real change. The people of Shar, the village to the north of us, where I had my interesting experience last September, feel that they are on the line of march and will be the first to be attacked. It is exceedingly cold and there is still too much snow on the ground for the whole village to be moved and what we could do  
*for*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

for them if they come is another question. The village of Yerabakan is in a panic. The bodvilli from that place is here and begs us to receive his people who have put together their few belongings, waiting for permission to come to Hadjin. It is agony to refuse but we are helpless.

As we go on with the daily round, our eyes burn with unshed tears but our lips must smile. It is an humbling experience to have the people show such confidence and trust in us. For long years America has been interpreted to them by devoted missionaries and many of them think of America as heaven and of Americans as heavenly minded. They have some sad awakenings when they come to our land—their land of heart's desire.

### *March Sixth*

Edith said this morning that she wanted me to see the field where the wild tulips will bloom later—perhaps when that time comes we shall not be able to ride there. So Peter and Haiyasdan were saddled and we rode along the narrow path into the city where we saw much terror in the faces of the people. On past the ruined buildings we went, meeting armed men at every turn, then in front of the government buildings and across the little stone bridge upon the Adana road where we let our horses have a good canter. Presently we made a turn to the right and followed a trail on the mountain

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

tain side. Violets and cyclamen were in bloom and spring whispered to us. When we reached the place, which as yet showed no sign of flowers but where a few weeks from now there will be a riot of color, we halted our horses. Suddenly a man appeared from behind some rocks and, in reply to Edith's greeting, made but a gruff answer. We stayed for a few minutes looking off toward distant mountains and then rode slowly home. I asked Edith if she thought the man was a shepherd and she replied, "He had no sheep." I have my own theory about him.

### *March Tenth*

The post came yesterday and there were several letters for me. This morning we sent our mail as usual but word has come that the postman has been shot and the mail bag taken. Edith was sending her half yearly report to Constantinople and now that is gone. It looks as if the Turks were beginning to shut us off. This evening I referred to our meeting the strange appearing man on the mountain side and Edith said, "I knew he was a Turk and I thought he might be a spy but I didn't want to alarm you." I replied, "I too thought he might be a bad character but I decided not to suggest fear to you." I really think our indifference to him was our salvation.

### *March*

L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

*March Thirteenth*

This has been a strange day. A cold rain has been falling and I have been much depressed. During the afternoon six or seven Armenians came to consult Edith. They said that a telegram had come from Fekke saying that if all the women and children would go there they would be met by French soldiers who would take them to Adana. We talked this over rather as a matter of form for we all knew that it was impossible. If there are French troops at Fekke why do they not come to Hadjin? We could not walk that distance in any case. Of course it is a trap into which the Turks hoped we would fall. "No," we said, "let us die here rather than be slaughtered on the road." The Mennonites and those in charge of the orphanage at the vank felt as we did and a reply was sent declining the offer. Within an hour the connection was cut and now we are shut off from the world. The people are panic stricken and fear the worst. One man is reported to have gone insane.

*March Fourteenth*

Today a woman in an almost crazed condition came to the compound and begged to be allowed to stay with us. Her husband is a tailor and she has two children, one a baby. She used to be very pretty but now she is all eyes and jumps at the slightest sound. We are going to let this family  
*come*



## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

come and live in a small room downstairs. In addition to this family we have had another Turkish girl put in our care—Hataje Hanum, the daughter of the kadi. The mother came in great alarm this morning because some of the Armenian soldiers have been threatening the family. It would be bad for the Armenians if this girl should be injured for she is related to the Sheik ul Islam, the man who declares a Jihad. The mother dared not bring her, but this afternoon just at dusk, Torus, one of our best Armenians, brought her to us. To avoid being recognized as a Turk she came unveiled and not wearing the charshaf.

### *March Fifteenth*

I was in the kitchen this morning about eleven o'clock heating milk for little Mary and Bayzar when I heard great shouting and commotion. I dashed out and saw the children and teachers looking skyward, where high above us hummed an airplane. Presently a package was dropped and, when it was located not far from the compound, it was taken to the government building. Some of the children were quite unnerved by the strange sight and one teacher who was in the class room fainted when she heard the shouting for she thought the Turks had come. Soon a report was brought to us from the city. The package contained only messages for the Armenians, nothing for us. There  
*was*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

was a letter to the authorities telling them not to give up hope for several thousand troops are on the way and an airplane would come every two or three days. I feel so heartened by the coming of the plane because now I realize that the French can protect us from the air. I don't believe the Turks have anti-aircraft guns and we can be saved. The letter said that if a safe place is indicated by a big white cross, a landing will be made next time and a conference held.

### *March Sixteenth*

We rode up to the Mennonite compound, near which there is a comparatively level space, and saw hundreds of Armenians filling hollows and marking out a huge cross with lime. Oh, that their hopes and ours be not disappointed!

### *March Eighteenth*

At about the same time as on Monday morning the airplane again sailed overhead but much higher than before and dropped nothing—made no attempt to land and disappeared. What can it mean? The children are good but they are so frightened. Little Bayzar, one of our tiniest children, came to Miss Super with two paper piasters saying they were to be used to buy cartridges. The hardest thing for me is to have these babies so acquainted with grief.

### *March*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

### *March Twentieth*

This afternoon we three took a little ride up the mountain side on the road leading out of our compound—the Marash road—to see if there were any crocuses in bloom. We saw some sweet little yellow blossoms peeping from the edge of the snow patches that still linger and later, reaching the shoulder of the mountain, we came on the Armenian guard stationed there. There are several of these guards, each one numbering about twenty men who are assigned to peaks where they can watch the roads. The plan is to hold back the opposing force if possible until additional men come from the city. In the last extremity these companies will fall back on the city and their final resort is to be the Gregorian school and the big ruined stone church—two buildings standing close together which are to be connected with a covered way now under construction. On our way back we met men coming to relieve those whom we had left on the heights.

### *March Twenty-second*

Again the airplane; all that happened was the dropping of a small box of ammunition on the landing field after which the plane faded into the blue. We had a party planned for the graduating class and it seemed wise to go on with it. The party took the form of a dinner served by the sec-  
*second*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

ond class girls and afterward we played games. The girls have the habit of ending any kind of gathering by singing a hymn. One of them chose "A Never Failing Friend." It was difficult to keep back the tears as their young voices swelled out full of renewed hope and confidence.

### *March Twenty-seventh*

The end of the week and no sign of help. The promised troops have not materialized and I think we have seen the last of airplanes. The city is now well barricaded. Trenches have been dug and at the different approaches there are barbed wire entanglements and mined areas. There is a good supply of guns and ammunition and they say they have learned to make gas bombs. During the last weeks, before the road to Adana was cut, the Armenians managed to prepare for an attack. This afternoon a committee called, urging us to move into Hadjin. The people can't understand our attitude of neutrality. We explained, saying that we are Americans on American property and that in the event of the coming of the Turks we shall raise the American flag and trust to our neutrality to protect us. The head of the committee said, "Don't trust to your being Americans to save you. The Turks will cut you down with the Armenians." "Possibly," we said, "but we shall offer no resistance." The men begged us to accept a guard but this we emphatically declined.

### *March*

L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

*March Twenty-ninth*

Early this morning we heard firing and so know that the Turks are drawing in. The shots seem to come from the other side of the city—the plan must be to attack from the Adana road. We have expected that the enemy would come from the direction of Marash and, marching on toward the city, would pass high above our compound and, seeing our flag, leave us untouched. Turks have often said that it would be a sad day for them if Hadjin Home were destroyed. For years they have looked down on the compound from this road and they would feel lost without it. Many a Turk has received kindness at the hands of the missionaries and the name of Mrs. Coffing, the veteran missionary, is remembered with great respect. We realize this and trust that it will stand us in good stead in the hour of peril. I am going to begin tonight sleeping in the clinic house with the little girls. The matron is panicky and refuses to stay outside the wall.

*March Thirtieth*

The Mennonites sent us a note this morning saying that from their windows they can see fighting which appears to be confined to little skirmishes. From their height they look across the Adana road and with field glasses can make out men firing from behind large boulders.

*March*

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

### *March Thirty-first*

Every morning the firing begins about five o'clock and keeps up intermittently during the morning with very little in the afternoon. Again men from the city came to see us and urged us to send the children to Hadjin. We said that any who had relatives in the town were at liberty to go to them but as to the orphans whom we had taken from the villages, we should decide for them. It is a terrible responsibility for we can't know that our judgment is sound. Teachers and children have been told they are free to go or stay and with no exception they have cast their lot with us. The boys are in the factory building just inside the city's boundary and we have not made up our minds about them.

### *April First*

This afternoon Edith and I rode up to see how the Mennonites were getting on. Yesterday they sent word that a few bullets were coming into the compound. They have allowed the Armenians to use their property as a base and this draws the fire on them. We question the wisdom of taking sides. From what we could see there are no great numbers of Turks and it may be they are wandering bands—not villagers.

### *April*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

### *April Third*

It is strange to think of what has happened since Thursday afternoon. Yesterday morning we received a note from Mr. Eby saying that the Turks had increased in numbers and they had wounded and scattered so many of the Armenians that the latter were planning to fall back on the city. One of the buildings in their compound had been used as a dressing station for the wounded and the orphans are no longer safe. They asked to come to us with their children and workers. It was not possible for them to travel their exposed road into the city and then out to us by day, but they planned to start as soon as it grew dark. Before they came we moved our children from the clinic building into the school house. The procession arrived about half after seven, the children carrying their deosheks (thin mattresses) and yorghans (comforters) on their backs, and following them were two laden donkeys and a pack horse carrying all the supplies possible. We think we have no extra room at anytime but in some way we found space for all. This morning we are trying to get some order out of chaos. The direction from which the firing comes has shifted and seems now to be coming from our side. We can't make up our minds about the boys in the factory building. From the salaam luk windows we see Armenians across the valley running along the mountain path toward the city—they must see the Turks.

*April*



L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

*April Fourth*

How quickly circumstances change. By four o'clock yesterday afternoon we could see the Turkish flag on a peak high above us—some days ago the guard had abandoned this post—and rather quick firing began. Although I suppose the shots were aimed at the city, our compound, being between the city and the Turks, received some of the bullets. We decided that we must go at once to our boys. Edith and I walked along our road, with now and then a bullet striking the rock wall or the path, and made our way into the city and to the factory building. People at their doorways and in the streets were all excitement and they shrieked and moaned as they gathered together their belongings, preparatory to getting further from the outskirts. How different was the sight that met our eyes as we entered the building where the boys were! There were eighty of them, the Mennonites had left their twenty as they came to us on Friday, and all were quiet as they knelt in the big room with their teacher and silently prayed. We sat with them a few minutes and then Edith and I looked at each other and, as with one voice, we said, "If we are to die, let us die together." The boys were told that they were to wait until it was dark and then they and their teacher were to come to the compound, bringing what they could. We started back alone—bullets fell on either side of us but we  
*were*



## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

were untouched. A little after seven o'clock the boys began to come. They made several return trips to the city trying to clear the buildings but they had to make haste as it is the time of the full moon and by eight o'clock we knew the road would be as light as day. While this work was going on, a guard came from the city begging to come into the compound to protect us. We refused and, dismissing them, barred the big gate—the other three were already locked—and announced that from then on, we would have no communication with the city and the city could have no communication with us.

This morning is perfectly beautiful and it seems strange to think danger is so near. About nine o'clock we saw Setrak Effendi coming along the road while bullets struck the ground near him. On he came, with a kind of hop from side to side, looking like a funny toad. Two of his little boys, in the excitement last night, had joined our children in the compound and the father had come for them. When he reached our gate he found shelter in the lee of the clinic building. Edith called to him and scolded him well for his foolishness. We are ready to make an exception in his case and let his little boys out, but it is impossible in broad daylight. The poor man is spending the day crouched down inside the door waiting for darkness to fall.

*April*

L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

*April Sixth*

We have been in the valley of death since Sunday, and I wonder if I can write of our experiences. I still feel stunned. All day Sunday more and more bullets came into our compound and we kept closely within doors. Yesterday morning we rearranged the children a little. The long row of windows in the school assembly room, which is in full range of Hadjin, we barricaded with bedding so firing from the city would not injure anyone in that room. All of the school rooms are full of children and at night they spread their little mattresses on the floor, packed in like sardines. When we barred our gates Saturday evening, we had already taken in a few refugee families who logically belong to us as they live near the compound and have been employed by us. With the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Eby, two Armenian families and Matteos, who are in the Martin house, the rest of the company are in the main building and the school. Yesterday morning it seemed to us that more bullets hit the house than the day before and we began to believe we were the target. At ten o'clock Edith announced that she intended to make a test trip to the other building. The moment she appeared at the door there was sharp firing. She didn't run a step of the way but walked the hundred feet or so, all shots going wide of the mark. Once inside the house, she ran to a window and called to us saying that no one must stir out-  
*outside*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

side and she could not come back. As the Ebys were with her, this left Miss Super, Miss Bredemas and me with all the children. There was a certain amount of panic among the native people but it was possible to calm them by word and a quiet bearing. We could see from the big bay window in the salaam luk a line of Turks coming single file down the mountain side firing as they came. It was strange but I didn't have any feeling of fear and I know this was true of the other Americans. This was no credit to us but it was a gift of God which was granted us because **we needed it**. I fully expected that I was to die but I recall hoping that I should be shot and not killed with a knife. The people were pitiful in their fear but they tried to hold themselves quiet as we told them to. The men and boys were in the lower rooms but the women and girls were up with us. I prayed aloud that we might have faith in the power of God and courage for whatever was in store for us. Miss Bredemas then led in repeating the Lord's Prayer in Turkish and we recited the shepherd's psalm together. At any moment we expected the doors would be broken in. Suddenly, as we waited silently, there was a sharp knock and we heard Edith calling, "Let Miss Clark come down and unbar the door."

Now I must go back a few minutes to explain what had happened in the other house. They, like us, had watched a line of men coming down the  
*mountain*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

mountain on their side, shooting as they came. When two men, sent on in advance, arrived close enough to call, they asked that someone come out to the wall to speak to them. Mr. Eby and Matteos met them and the Turks asked to be admitted to the compound for a conference. This explains the knock on our door. One of our matrons was in a dead faint at the top of the stairs—she was moved aside and I went down to draw the great wooden staple from the iron loop that held it in place. Edith greeted me with, "These are our friends." The native people were quickly scattered to other rooms and we six Americans, with the two Turks, entered the salaam luk. Such unfriendly looking men I have never seen. They were armed to the teeth. They had six bands holding cartridges around their bodies and several on each sleeve. With guns in their hands, bombs hanging from their belts and each with a knife stuck in a boot and another through the belt, they were formidable looking. After seating themselves, there was the customary pause, then the salute and as soon as they had lighted their cigarettes the interview began. Edith, looking so small in the big chair in which she sat, was quickly recognized by the Turks as the one in charge. The Turk who began the conversation assured us that he and his companions came as friends and that the troops now surrounding Had-jin are not our enemies. They are fighting the French and not the Armenians unless they assist  
*the*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

the French. When asked why the American flag in our compound was not respected, the leader had no reply ready but said the commander thought armed men might be sheltered by it. The other man then took his turn and asked what arms we had. Edith went into the next room and brought out our gun. "This," she said, "was given to me in 1915 by Avne Bey (the military commander of Hadjin at that time). He offered me five other guns and all the ammunition I wanted. I have only this one and no ammunition." After taking the weapon and examining it, the Turk did not offer to return it. Edith, drawing herself up with great dignity and a look of surprise, said, "You could hardly keep it, could you? It was given to me by Avne Bey." It was returned immediately. Then this man said that he and his companion, to be sure that we had no armed men hidden away, must search the premises. Edith again giving him a piercing look, said, "You touch my honor. I am an American—all that you need is my word." It was strange to see this wild looking man with his evil face, draw back saying, "Yes, yes, I know."

The two men soon rose and, after saluting, were led out by Mr. Eby to the gate where two Turks, higher in authority, were waiting to come in. They stayed a few minutes and when they in turn left, the one in command was announced. It seems to be the custom to let subordinates try out the situation first. This man who calls himself Jam Bey,  
(bey

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(bey means prince) reiterated his friendship for Americans. He said that we and those in our care should not be harmed. He asked to see the Moslem girls and we had them come in, the two older ones veiled. We were surprised that he knew they were here but from some of his remarks it was evident that, by means of spies, very little that had gone on in the city had escaped him. Edith told Jam Bey that we were responsible to the American Government for the people in our compound because the soil is American. Jam did not speak of troops on other sides of the city but said that he should attack from our side and that it would be only a matter of a few hours—twenty-four at the longest—before the city would be taken. Edith told him that we are neutral and that we have nothing to do with them nor with the city but, as Armenian soldiers have not been allowed to use the compound as a place from which to fight, the Turks also must respect our attitude. Jam Bey assenting, left. By the way, he declined coffee when it was offered, thinking, I presume, that it was poisoned. In half an hour earth works were thrown up across the road seventy-five feet from our front gate and a little way down the mountain side and the firing began in earnest. You can see in what a position we are placed, serving as a back stop for the Hadjin bullets. Fortunately the rear of our compound is much lower than the front so there is some space where we can move about with a feeling of com-

*parative*

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parative safety. The Turks have established their headquarters in the deserted parsonage in line with their barricade and they are beginning to put up some slight shelters.

It is becoming evident to them that the taking of the city is to be more than a question of a day. Yesterday morning seems a long time ago and we have no idea what will happen from hour to hour. I plan to keep this record going although you may never see it. It is some relief to my feelings to put down on paper events as they occur.

*April Eighth*

One of our perplexities is the feeding of our stock. The Ebys brought with them their flock of goats and two cows as well as a donkey and three horses. With all of our own animals, it is a problem to care for them. We have very little feed and, as we cannot send them out of the compound to graze, we fear they will die. This applies to the goats and sheep particularly, as we have something for the others. Our own goats are in our new fold just outside the Marash gate. It is difficult to get to them with food and water when the bullets are coming from Hadjin and we are none too confident of the promises of the Turks not to take them. We are now all living in the main house and school building. We have the little children down in the kindergarten rooms and, as the building is on a side hill, this brings their exit on the  
*ground*



## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

ground, although they are three stories below the main part. So far the Turks are respecting our wishes and only enter the compound after knocking and waiting for the gate to be unlocked. The gate through which they come is out of sight of Hadjin and a very low one, so that to enter it they must bend nearly double. There are more men stationed around us and they seem to be putting up some kind of tents. Poor Oriort Berjouee and her helpers are put to it to get the meals for our people. We are fortunate in having a large quantity of wheat, but boiled wheat and nothing else is an impossible diet.

The fat is almost gone and with no meat and nothing green we feel anxious. The American food is low but somehow, I feel sure, we can manage. We have some canned goods and we were fortunate in getting a supply of sugar shortly before the roads were closed. Mohammed, the little Kurdish waif who came with the Mennonite orphans, is very ill. He is terribly frightened when he hears the shooting. He keeps saying, "Give them bread and they will go," his thought being that, according to oriental custom, they cannot harm us after accepting food from our hands. Naturally frail, I think he will not live long.

*April Tenth*

We have again faced death. After breakfast,  
when I was in the American kitchen trying to plan  
*our*



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our midday meal, I heard a sound of angry talking and ran out the back way. Some of the children were huddled near the door saying in frightened tones. "Oh! Oh! Islam, Miss Clark." Not knowing what they meant, I walked toward the little gate and saw Edith and Mr. Eby talking with some Turks who were evidently much excited. Of course I could do nothing so I started back to the house where some of the older girls met me, saying that Turks were coming in at another gate and over the wall. Our wall is really no protection, it simply indicates the limits of our land. During the war it fell into ruin in many places and has not been repaired. I called to Miss Bredemas and we went to meet the intruders. Miss Bredemas could talk with them and found they had made up their minds to hunt the Armenians out. I ran back to where Edith was and told her. One of the leaders went with me and ordered the men out. They went unwillingly.

To get to the point, the leader said they were not satisfied with conditions and, to make sure we spoke the truth, they should search the place. He said that if three guns were found, every American would be shot at once. Before the search we were ordered to prepare a complete list of everyone in the compound; so many men, women, girls and boys, giving their nationality. We had only a little time to do this and it was difficult. We gave our list; the people were all called into the big dining  
*room*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

room downstairs and marched past two of the Turks. The poor things were panic stricken, certain that they were to be massacred then and there. We felt anxious as the numbering went on but at the end, the count of the Turks and our list were practically alike, a difference of only two.

Then began the search of the premises. One man started to enter Mrs. Eby's room but when he was told that a dead child was there he turned away. Dear little Mohammed died early this morning and we are thankful the terror is over for him. The searching was very thorough but it had a funny side too for the men would insist on crawling into the most impossible places and then were so annoyed when they tore their clothes. At last, after discovering nothing, they left but their attitude was not friendly. Edith and Mr. Eby went with them to the gate and I have just been hearing what happened. Edith said she couldn't let the man who had been most angry and determined in the search, leave in such a mood. She turned to him and said, "Achmet, you have a future in the world and I have a future and we must live together in this world. How can we go on if there is hatred in our hearts?" She put out her hand and laid it on his shoulder. It wasn't pleasant for he was dirty but, holding her hand there and looking straight into his eyes, she said solemnly, "By this touch, I make you my brother. Now, if you are my brother and I am your sister, we must do  
*good*

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good to one another and not evil." Achmet looked at her and, as if her touch had magic in it, his face softened and, gazing at her, he replied, "It is in truth so." Then he went out with the others. We have but one weapon, goodness. With it we *must* overcome evil. Edith says that we shall have several days of peace as the Turks always suffer a reaction and they will now try to propitiate us; that is if they run true to form.

*April Eleventh*

My birthday! How strange it seems. I wonder if I shall ever have another on the earth. The day has been clear and beautiful and we have had no trouble from the Turks. By the way, Jam Bey says we are "guests of the chettes." He says most of his men are not regular soldiers but chettes.

You remember that I told you that Matteos was brought up by a Moslem uncle so that he has many friends among the Turks and, as he received the education of a scribe, he is known as Edith's secretary as well as the steward. He writes very high Turkish and that is a great help when notes have to be sent. A preaching service is being held just now in the lower part of the building but there is no singing for fear that the Turks may hear and be angered. My duty is to keep watch in the compound and every half hour I make my rounds. I have just come back from the little gate. Every-

*Everything*

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thing is quiet. I could see Turks above me and a few were not far from the gate. They are not taking the city with the ease they anticipated. Edith and I sleep in the office, she on the couch and I on two mattresses on the floor. We are in the front of the house but the clinic building shields us from bullets from Hadjin. We don't dare to have lights because we may be accused of signaling to the city. We do light a candle for a few minutes but not until the shades are closely drawn and pillows piled up to cover any crack. Even then, the tiny light is kept in a corner of the room.

*April Twelfth*

Last night we changed our plans a bit and Edith and I are going to take turns in sleeping downstairs with the little children. None of the matrons will go down because they are frightened. I went last night when darkness came on and the children gave sighs of relief when they saw me coming down the stairs. Their feeling of safety when an American is near is touching. Some who were sobbing were quickly hushed when I said, "Miss Clark is here, you need not fear." "Evet, evet," (yes) they replied, settling down on their beds. We haven't the same tongue but they understand my meaning.

The sounds of fighting seem nearer in these lower rooms and the shouting of "Allah, Allah,"

is

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is quite dreadful. Some of the little children moan in their sleep and start up in terror when the shooting is especially violent. Little Mariam, who is five years old, began to vomit from sheer fright. When I went to her, knelt beside her and put my hand on her forehead, saying, "Go to sleep Mariam, I am beside you—nothing shall hurt you"—the little thing quieted and immediately went to sleep. It is a touching experience to see such trust.

About noon a present of youghoort was sent us from the commander and later he called. He said nothing about the trouble on Saturday but he is in this way begging our pardon.

### *April Thirteenth*

Miss Super is helping both the Turks and our cause tremendously. She has daily clinics at the little gate for the Turks where she gives medicines and dresses wounds. They come asking for the doctor and we encourage the use of the title. There is a Turkish doctor but he seems to know little and, still more to the point, has apparently no medicines. He has sent, asking for various kinds and Miss Super has given very small amounts. Some of our people do not like it that we are establishing friendly relations with the Turks and resent the doing of favors. They don't understand that the more we can do for them, the better it will be  
for

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for our compound. The officers send in coffee to be browned and ground and we are glad to do it but it was a bit surprising to have a pair of boots to be blacked. We have frequent requests for salt. To our callers, who wish to light their cigarettes, we offer a box with very few matches, hoping that they will conclude our stock is low. We were wise enough to have one of the girls hide all our kerosene so that when that was called for, we could truthfully say we had none. One of the soldiers said, in the naive way common to the race, that they wanted to fire the city and wanted the kerosene for that purpose. There are many requests to see the Turkish girls but we refuse. The men know they should not ask to see Turkish women so they don't press the matter and it really counts in our favor that we are protecting them.

I wish I could picture to you the "army" as we see it. The officers have uniforms of sorts but the men are in their ordinary dress—tattered, torn and dirty. We look out at the parsonage and see them lying about in the shelter of the building. Some are on the porch on our side. They have, bit by bit, been destroying the house to get firewood. I am looking for the day when they shall have taken so much from the underpinning of the porch that it will fall. It is a strange sight to see the rows of guns hanging on the wall and some of the most devout Moslems prostrating themselves toward Mecca. The officers are in tents higher up on the  
*mountain*

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mountain but the common soldiers are very close to us. Of course there is a man in charge, a petty officer, but it is not pleasant to think what might happen if the men got out of hand.

They are beginning to strip the clinic house just outside our gate and we have seen two doors and several windows going up the mountain on the backs of the men. We protest in notes of Matteos's best Turkish but don't dare say too much. Just now there are, at a guess, about two hundred men stationed here. They have begun to construct semi-permanent tents. The stone walls along the Marash road are being pulled down—they do this at night—to make the low sides, and cloth woven from black goat's hair makes the covering. The food outlook for our people is bright. You see, the Turkish farmers have always supplied Hadjin. Now that market is closed to them and they come around the shoulder of the mountain to our side. The soldiers requisition what they want but they let us buy provisions too. The farmers get more from us, so there is often a tapping at the gate after dark and bags are passed through, to be paid for later. Our money is almost gone but with our bolts and bolts of cloth—for which the men are eager—we shall be better able to bargain than with gold. I just looked out of the window and saw two men climb up on the sloping roof of the parsonage, crouch there and fire toward the city. They keep saying they are going to make a rush  
*attack*



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attack but they hold off, having real fear of the Armenians whom they know will put up a desperate fight.

### *April Fourteenth*

Yesterday we had an agonizing time. We have had permission to let some of the little boys take the goats and cows out on the slope back of the compound for grazing, the Turks promising not to molest them. They go in the morning and one of the Americans watches from the wall while they are outside. Yesterday, through some misunderstanding, three of the boys went out with the goats in the afternoon. They wandered too far to the side and bullets from Hadjin came near them. One boy was slightly wounded and fled to the gate while the other two, in terror, started up the mountain slope. One recovered himself but the other went on and, when the report reached us, this last one was lost to sight. Edith announced she would at once go in search of him. I wanted to go with her but she said, "No, the boy will be frightened and will need assurance in his own language to be willing to start back. I will go, but not alone for I shall take Achmet with me." He is the Turk you will recall whom Edith won over the other day. He has proved himself our friend, for he has kept the men under him in control since that terrible day.

*Edith*



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Edith called to him, for he was not far away, and he at once responded. She said, "Achmet, there is a little boy lost on the mountain side. I am going in search of him and you must go with me." His immediate response was, "I will." I can't tell you how we felt as we stood watching them make their way over the rocks. Presently they reached a certain place and stopped, Edith going on alone. We didn't understand what it meant until afterward, when she explained that, realizing they had climbed so high that they could be seen from Haddin and that Achmet's white turban would mark him as a Moslem, she told him to go no further. "You stay here," she said, "and I will go on but keep your eyes on me and, if I call, you must follow." Achmet stood at her bidding and on she went. At the sound of a bullet she darted back of a rock instinctively, although knowing that she would be shot before she heard the strike of the missile; then on again until she finally disappeared back of a big rock. After a few minutes she came in sight again, this time with the boy. She said afterward that the child was almost unconscious from fear but she comforted him. When she had calmed him he said, "I can't go, for my arkadash (companion) is wounded. I must find him." "No," said Edith, "he is safe in the compound and I have come for you." Down the mountain side they ran, seeking shelter back of  
*rocks*

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rocks and we stood watching with our hearts in our mouths. They reached the place where Achmet waited and then the three came safely back to us. As they entered the gate, Achmet was carrying Edith's rubbers. She remarked to us, "I thought he might as well be useful." You can understand how odd it seemed, for orientals are not in the habit of carrying burdens of any kind for a woman. Edith is always mistress of the situation.

*April Fifteenth*

We are fortunate in having our big oven in the compound. It is near the little gate where we let the Turks in and out. We have arranged it so that the baking can go on. We use a thousand of the small flat loaves every week to feed our people. We dare not let Abraham, our baker, show himself but three of the women go to the oven and we Americans take turns in guarding them. They bake from six in the morning until six at night and four of us divide the time into two hour watches. Edith and Mr. Eby must be free to meet the Turks. We expect that three days a week, possibly four, will provide sufficient bread. This morning, as I was taking my turn, several Turks seated themselves on the hillside about twenty feet from the gate. I didn't find it especially amusing when one man raised his gun and pointed it in my direction. I don't believe he had any intention of shooting  
*me*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

me but I had a curious feeling along my spinal column. I think I have told you that all foreigners are called "hat wearers," so when we go out doors, even for a minute, we always wear our hats in order that no Turk at a distance may mistake us for natives. I call my hat my "helmet of salvation." We have to act as if Americans were bullet proof for there are certain things to be done that we alone can do.

Several days have gone by since I last wrote but I have had no free moment. The constant work is good; it gives less time to think. There have been several changes. There is a new man in charge—Jevan Bey. He has called twice and seems much superior to Jam Bey. He has asked about the Moslem girls and it was best to have them come to the salaam luk. Jevan seems much pleased that they are safe with us. We think it must be the open season for beys, there are so many of them, although we have our doubts as to their claim to the title. The man in charge of the machine guns is Enver Bey. He comes frequently to see us and enjoys telling big stories about himself. These different men in authority who call on us, all have assumed names. Enver told Mr. Eby that many of them have prices set on their heads. Part of the men are from the old Turkish Fourth Army Corps. One day when the doctor, a most disagreeable man called, he hesitated when asked  
*his*

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his native city and then said, "Bitlis." The men with him glanced at one another and we knew it wasn't true.

*April Sixteenth*

Enver and Jevan have each asked that our tailor make them suits from some of our material. We can only say "Yes."

*April Seventeenth*

It is raining hard and we hope we shall have no callers. They are so apt to choose meal hours—their times of eating are not ours—and Edith and Mr. Eby have to visit with them. Sometimes Mrs. Eby or Miss Bredemas relieve the situation but Miss Super and I cannot help, not having Turkish tongues. We sit with the others many times but all we can do is to look pleasant. The latter has its use possibly for the other day Jevan Bey asked Edith, "Is Miss Clark always happy?" We certainly don't intend them to imagine we are frightened. One of the recent calls of Jevan was to ask for medicine for Enver who is very ill with dysentery. It is difficult to prescribe at a distance and Enver has been asked to come down to the clinic house where Miss Super can care for him. Last night he was carried down the mountain, a very sick man. Miss Super can get to the door of the  
*building*

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building without coming in range of Hadjin and we feel there is a kind of safety in having Enver in the building. The stealing of doors and windows will have to cease for a time. If Enver should not get well we may perhaps be suspected of causing his death but, if he recovers, he will have to show his gratitude by befriending us.

*April Nineteenth*

One of our boys, Hosep, is ill and Miss Super has him in her room. He has pneumonia and does not respond to remedies. Poor boy! He is suffering from terror as well and every time the cannon booms, he cries out. This morning Jevan came to call and stayed a long time. He had a plan to propose. He wants some of the Americans to go to Hadjin and present the Turkish terms. He says the Turks will proclaim an armistice of five hours, from nine in the morning until two in the afternoon, and during that time the Americans will go along the road carrying an American and a truce flag. We were asked to consider the matter and send a reply in the afternoon. That reply has just gone. It has been difficult to know what to say. The terms are these: the Armenians are to deliver all arms and ammunition to a group of responsible Turks (are there any such?) who will receive them. In the meantime the troops will be sent up the mountain, far enough away for the city to  
*feel*

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feel no fear of attack. The arms, once delivered, will be stored in some building and then the French flag, having been hauled down, the leaders will march their troops past the city and on to Sis, leaving only a few men to guard the arms. This locking up of arms is to insure no firing on the rear of the Turkish forces and the promise is, that "Not so much as a nose shall bleed in Hadjin." Matteos and Minas were called in and the matter discussed from all sides. The two men naturally feel no confidence in the Turkish promises. We would all be glad to know how the Armenians are getting on in the city but the journey is fraught with peril. The Turks will have to be trusted to respect the armistice and it will be impossible to communicate with the people in the city to let them know the plan. However, it has been decided that Edith and Mr. Eby will go and we are looking forward to tomorrow with solemn feelings.

### *April Twentieth*

At nine o'clock the two started. Jevan was here at half after eight to see them off. It is clearly understood that the Americans will give no advice and, keeping strictly neutral, they will simply act as mouthpieces for the Turks. After receiving the Armenians' reply, they will return, having told the Armenians nothing of the Turkish situation, nor bringing to the Turks any news of conditions in the  
*city.*

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city. This has been made clear to the Turks. I cannot express my feelings as I saw our friends set out;—Edith, looking so tiny as she walked swiftly along carrying the white flag and Mr. Eby holding the American one that has the heavier standard. They did not return as quickly as we expected and the agony of suspense was great. Many weeks ago, before the Turks came, one of the wild gamavoors had threatened Edith's life when she remonstrated against some of the cruelties practised on the Moslems in the city. Finally the two were seen returning and the tension was lessened. The reply they brought was what we expected. The Armenians would not treat with the Turks. Jevan came to the compound at once and expressed great disappointment. He says the fighting will now go on with renewed energy and, when the city is taken, if it is found that any Moslems have been killed the entire Armenian population will be massacred and not one stone left standing on another. When we were once again alone we heard in detail the condition of the city. The place is well fortified and there is a good supply of ammunition. They plan to refill shells as they have materials at hand. There have been some deaths among our friends and some have been wounded. The food supply is sufficient but there is little variety. The people have not lost courage. They cannot accept the terms because they have known too many cases in  
*the*



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the past when the giving up of arms has been the signal for a massacre.

### *April Twenty-first*

About four o'clock this afternoon Hosep died. It was pitiful to watch him struggle for breath at the last. Dear little fellow, I am so thankful he is at peace. We have no material for making any kind of a coffin so we did as the natives sometimes do, wound the body in lengths of cloth. We bound it with tape to a board and carried it by a back way so that, if possible, the Turks might not see us and went out of the valley gate a few feet to a shallow grave that had been dug in the hard ground. The three boys we took with us found large flat stones and, following the custom of the Armenians, covered the grave with them.

### *April Twenty-second*

This morning when I went over to the other house to get some cans of vegetables (we keep most of our supplies in the basement there), bullets whizzed over my head and it wasn't especially agreeable to see two Turks sitting on the wall not far from the door when I entered. We are desolated over the felling of the trees. The valley on the far side from the school was always so pretty with lovely trees of which there are not many in  
*this*



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this part of the country. I think if the men would cut them down at the roots I would mind it less—but they hack away, getting what branches they want for fuel at the time and then, after several days, they finally bring down what remains of the tortured tree. The Turks seem to have vandalism in the blood. The men are so careless that, sometimes as I sit on guard at the oven and watch them, it looks as if they would cut the branch on which they sit from under them and I am bad enough to hope they will. The few houses on the hillside belonging to our people have been destroyed.

### *April Twenty-fourth*

We are so thankful that we have had no sickness caused by conditions in the compound. We have tried our best to keep things sweet and clean but it has been a problem. We have no plumbing; our drinking water comes from a spring piped into the compound and also from a well. We have only outside closets and underground drainage that leads down the slope back of the compound. The rear of the row of closets forms part of the compound wall. We have always had a woman employed to do the cleaning three times a week. Now we have almost twice our usual number of people and we feel great anxiety. Our lime is almost gone and although, for a short time, our shepherd and one of the big boys tried to do the outside work,  
*guarded*

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guarded by an American, this is no longer possible. We must keep all big boys out of sight for again the Turks accuse us of having men secreted in the buildings and again our people have been counted. Edith and I have evolved this scheme which was tried for the first time this morning: we get up at five o'clock and, remembering to put on our hats, go to the valley gate where two little boys, who can't be mistaken for men, are waiting with wooden hoes. We unbar the gate and, keeping near the wall, walk to where the work is to be done. Edith superintends the boys and I stand with my back to them watching the mountain side for hostile Turks. This morning several men went along one of the paths carrying their guns but they merely looked at us. We have a feeling that if Americans are looking they will not shoot—if our backs are turned we are not so confident. We were back in the compound in twenty minutes and we hope to make better time tomorrow.

### *April Twenty-fifth*

It is almost seven weeks since we have heard anything from the outside. We can't help wondering why the French do not come to the relief of the city. They must know our plight. Jevan Bey, a day or two ago, showed us a letter that was dropped from the airplane that second time when we received nothing. It was meant for the Armenians

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menians but fell far from the city and was picked up by a Turk. It had no encouraging word, for our bodvilli who wrote it, said the force that had been sent out had turned back. I should suppose in some way our government and England would help. Four of us are Americans and two are Canadians. Of course I know nothing of what is happening in the world but it does seem strange. One of the hardest things to bear is that I can do nothing to relieve your anxiety. If you could only know that I am well.

*April Twenty-sixth*

Last night one of the load animals was stolen. We reported the matter to Jevan and he said he would have the animal restored to us and the offender punished. We know this will not be done. Really he has very little control over his men and we plan to keep some one on watch at night. We have found a way to arrange the children so that the little ones no longer have to be in the lower rooms. We have closed the trap door leading down there and many of the children sleep in the halls and passages.

*April Twenty-eighth*

As I wrote the last sentence Monday, one of the children ran in saying, in excited tones, that there was a great pounding on the little gate. As  
*usual*

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usual Edith and Mr. Eby went to see what was the trouble. Edith later told me that on arriving at the gate the pounding grew louder and a surly voice demanded entrance. The gate was unlocked and there stood a bandit leader, Gezik Duran and eight of his men. As I have told you, much of the fighting force is made up of bandits. Each chief has one hundred men under him and they take their orders from him. These men feel no responsibility to men like Jevan. They are here simply for the loot and the fact that the city holds out so successfully makes them restive. We know seven of these chiefs and this man has an exceedingly bad reputation. Gezik means secret or hidden so he is Secret Duran. He is the one, we have been told, who held up the bodvilli and his companions on the Adana road. Edith said to the leader, "Why do you ask so roughly to come in? We are glad to see our friends but they ask courteously for admittance." The men looked defiant and stalked in holding their guns. Edith said, "Our guests have learned to trust us and leave their weapons at the gate." Gezik responded, "No, our guns are our lives, they never leave us." Then he added, "We want to hear the music." We have found the victrola a great aid in entertaining the men and its fame has spread. The bandits, marching single file, followed the path and went up stairs to the salaam luk. They solemnly seated themselves, each man holding his gun. There was a little con-  
*versation*

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versation first, Gezik asking if we came from "rotten" or "sound" America. The Turks call South America "rotten" because there are no questions nor examinations as to disease for those coming to its shores. Then the records were put on the victrola. You can imagine that the strange attitude of our visitors did not add to our comfort. Edith said to me—she could always bring in an aside when translating—"I don't know what they intend but I fear it is nothing good." Gezik turned to Mr. Eby and asked the time. It was nearly five. Turning to a man near him, Gezik said, "Wait for the first boom." We always learned in advance of an attack on the city, either through the common soldiers or the officers, and we knew that one was on for that day. It is usually at the close of the afternoon that the firing begins in earnest. We glanced at one another. The others looked white and I felt white. Mr. Eby continued to put on records. Suddenly the cannon boomed. The men straightened themselves, tightening their hands on their guns. Gezik glanced at them and said, "Wait until the second boom." Mr. Eby played on. We discovered afterward, that we each had the same idea. We thought that Gezik's plan was, either to hold us prisoners in the room and work his will in the compound, or to kill us and then be free to do what he wanted. We tried to appear natural. At the second boom the men were again at attention and looked toward their leader. Yet again Gezik  
*said*

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said, "No, wait for the third." The medley of American airs that was being played sounded to me like our death knell. When the cannon thundered, Gezik rose, the men did the same and, without a glance at us, they filed out of the room and down the stairs, Mr. Eby following to let them out at the gate. Although we then realized that they were only waiting for the sound of guns to take their places in the firing line, we could not help having nervous chills. This is the way we live from day to day, never feeling sure of what is to come.

### *May First*

It is wonderful to have so much cloth to use in barter. As long as conditions remain as they are, we need fear no food shortage. It is really amusing that now, surrounded by enemies, we live much higher than we did before. Gone are the days when we rarely had eggs enough to use in cooking, none to eat boiled or fried. Now we have dozens and dozens offered for sale and we pay with yards of cloth.

There is a Turk who comes often to the gate bringing flour for bread to be baked for some of the Turks. We have to do this in addition to baking for our own big family. We can't refuse but we are thankful that they provide their own flour. This man, of whom I spoke, we have grown to like.

*He*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

He goes by the name of "Young Ali" but we call him the "Englishman." He was a prisoner of the British in Egypt and he picked up a few words that he loves to use. He likes to come in and sit down near the American on duty. When I am there or Miss Super he says all the English words he knows and to those who know Turkish is most communicative. We get some idea as to the temper of the men. Ali is soon going to have leave of absence for a few days and he promises to bring us several things, among them a good fat hen.

I have spoken of the different kinds of men stationed near us. As the days go on we get a word here and a word there that throws some light on the situation. Many of the men are here against their will. They have been beaten and threatened and forced to join the fighting. Many of them are not unfriendly to the Armenians but are under the domination of their leaders. Several have said, "We have no heart in this. We have friends in Hadjin among the Armenians. Why should we kill them? We want to go back to our homes. All that we have will be lost, for only the women and small children are in our villages." They are such poor ignorant creatures we feel pity for them. More and more it is borne in upon me that the one thing needed and the one thing lacking in this country that will bring peace, is love, one for the other. This jealousy, this fear which is in the hearts of the Turks and Armenians alike, this hate,

*is*



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is too frightful to contemplate. Some inner change must take place in the hearts of all these people in this tortured land before lasting, real peace can come. Certainly it has been proved that thundering cannon do not insure concord. Sometimes I wonder if we are going to have a tiny share in bringing this to pass. Jevan seems to have a good heart and lately he has shown increased friendliness. The other day he said, "After this trouble is over I want my children to come to this school. I want them in your care." This is nothing to tie to but it is a crumb of comfort. We cling to every hope.

*Later*—Enver has just called and brought us some wild flowers. We have longed to go out on the mountain side which we know is carpeted with blossoms. Edith is so disappointed not to have me go to the chatak to see the wild hyacinths that blossom especially luxuriantly there.

### *May Second*

Some relatives of Hataje's have come to see her, bringing a letter from her grandfather in Al-bistan asking us to send her to him. We are relieved to have her go for she is a great responsibility. We are getting her ready, concocting a proper Turkish costume out of some cloth we have. She must go suitably veiled and in the right kind of a garment.

*May*



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### *May Third*

One of the Eby's cows was shot and killed by a Hadjin bullet this morning. The animal is in an exposed place but Enver has promised to send some men for it after dark and to give us a share of the meat. Both of our big dogs have been shot by stray bullets. Jevan made one of his long calls this afternoon and he offered to let our Kurdish shepherd boy take our goats and sheep to Roomloo, a Turkish village five hours' journey from here. It is their only chance and we have decided to accept the offer. The fact that the lad is a Kurd makes him safe and we shall have to trust to the promise that we shall have our flocks back later. We are going to send with them two cows, one of which has been wounded, leaving one for our use. We think we can manage food for her.

### *May Fourth*

Miss Super's work has been of great value to the compound for the Turks constantly come asking for her services. She has used almost all of her medicines and it has worried us all. We need them for our people and for the Turks to hold their friendship. Edith told Jevan about our lack and he said he would send a man to Talas with a note from Miss Super to the Americans there, asking for what is needed. Any word sent must be in Turkish. It takes three days to go to Talas so we  
*can't*

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can't look for the messenger's return in less than a week. We hope that the Talas people will read between the lines and will send a reply that will let us know if any help can be expected.

*May Fifth*

Our flour supply is very low. As I said, we have plenty of wheat but we have no chance to have it ground. Jevan has said that when we need flour he will send to Roomloo and buy us some, we naturally furnishing the money, but Edith told him that if he would get a millstone for us—we already have one—we could manage.

*May Eighth*

I am writing this as I take my turn in guarding the oven. Yesterday we had another horror and I still feel shaken by it. About two o'clock I went out to the ironing room, in the building back of our main one, to press some collars. We get used to the sound of firing but, as I was doing my pressing, there was a loud report and I thought a bullet had come into the room. Christina rushed in crying, "Oh, Miss Clark, one of the boys has been shot." I hurried out and, there on the path that leads to the spring, I saw Edith leaning over a little body on the ground. She called to me, "Let no natives come out of the house." Mr. Eby had gone to the big gate to call Enver from the clinic house and  
*the*

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the rest of us stood by the little child. It was our dear little Sachian who lay like a broken flower with his head in an ever increasing pool of blood. Edith had reached the spot so soon after the shot that she saw two men running from the wall and recognized them as two Kurds, surly men, who have been making trouble for some days. Sachian was such a gay little fellow that we all loved him. Of course he should not have gone on the path, for it was forbidden, but he saw the little donkey tied by the wood shed and jumped on for a ride. It was on the return trip that the cowards shot him in the back of the neck. One of the children in a doorway heard him cry, "Oh mother, I am killed." Then he fell from the donkey's back. Enver came quickly with Mr. Eby and we six Americans and the one Turk stood by the body. Edith said, "Enver Bey, you must stand beside us and protect us for we shall bury our little boy at once." All about us on the mountain side the Turks were looking down. Twice, as we stood there, Enver lifted his hands in protest and he told us afterwards that some of the soldiers were aiming their guns at us. Again the lengths of cotton cloth came into use and we wrapped our little lad for his long sleep. In the meantime, Enver called two Turks and ordered them to stand by the small boys who dug the grave just outside the gate. We felt the Turks would not risk killing any of their brothers. After it was all over, Miss Super and I  
*worked*

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worked at the place where there was the pool of blood trying to break up the hard earth and cover the spot. Despite our efforts, the dark blot remains and a shudder goes through me as I pass it on my way to and from my watch.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jevan came to call and, although he said little about yesterday's tragedy, he stayed for three hours and, as the longer the call the greater the courtesy, it was his way of begging our pardon.

### *May Tenth*

One year ago today I reached Hadjin. A strange anniversary! The man brought the millstone this afternoon and the plan which has been worked out was put into operation at once. We have two small coffee grinders and they are to be used also. First a shift of six boys; two for each mill and one for each grinder. They work for two hours and then six girls relieve them. This we plan to have go on day and night.

### *May Twelfth*

The medicines have come from Talas. Several letters came and Jevan brought them to us although they were in English. The letters tell of every day matters but nothing to indicate that they re-  
*realize*

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lize our situation. Indeed, it is suggested that some of us go there for a little vacation. It is inexplicable. Jevan says he will send any letters and telegrams we want him to if they are first translated to him. We know there is no truth in his offer.

### *May Thirteenth*

Edith has suggested to Jevan from time to time, that she would be glad to receive Doghan Bey who is said to be the Commander in Chief of the forces around Hadjin. Always there has been some reason why this could not be; he was inspecting the outposts; he was called to Sis; until we had begun to think he was a myth and even that Jevan and Doghan were one and the same. Yesterday Jevan called with the proposition that another visit to Hadjin be made by the Americans. This time a conference between the Turks and Armenians was to be requested. It seemed to us that if such a thing was to be considered, Doghan Bey must call on us and make the proposal himself. Jevan promised to see what he could do and the meeting was set for this afternoon.

Doghan Bey has just left. He is a tall, fine appearing man with eyes like an eagle's. We think he is a Circassian. He spoke of the aim of the Turks—to clear Cilicia of the French—and said they would never stop until this was accomplished. He introduced the plan for the conference. He

*says*

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says that it is now possible to call across the trenches and arrange an armistice with the Armenians and then, with both Turks and Armenians holding their fire, the Americans can go to the city. Doghan wants two or three representative Armenians to come out to the compound to confer with a like number of Turks. Doghan gives his word that no harm shall come to the Armenians. After going into a few more details, Doghan left. Tonight, at nine o'clock, Mr. Eby is to go with Enver and Jevan to a place where he can call to the Armenians and ask for Manasajian and then talk with him in English. He is one of the few men in the city who speaks English. As none of the Turks understand the language, this is done to assure the Armenians there is no trickery.

### *May Fifteenth*

*Late afternoon.* The armistice was called for yesterday morning and again Edith and Mr. Eby started to the city with two flags. It was not long before they returned with the answer that we all expected. The Armenians would not come within the enemy lines. The leaders had no faith in a conference but, if there was to be one, it must take place half way between the two defenses. Jevan, when he heard this, was greatly displeased and said no place but the American salaam luk would satisfy his people. Without going into all details of  
*the*

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the several conversations with the Turkish leaders, the facts are these: after a number of trips to the edge of the city for further discussion, the Armenians consented to send two men to our compound at four o'clock. Edith and Mr. Eby promised to meet and escort them, one of them walking on either side of the two Armenians. In the meantime we held a council of war and decided where each American should be stationed. Of course Edith and Mr. Eby were to be present at the conference but the rest of us were to stand at certain places where we could watch all points of approach and give warning in case of treachery on either side. I was assigned a post outside our big gate on the Hadjin road where I could watch both the Turks in nearby tents and the valley below, where Armenians might creep up through the bushes. The situation of the compound would be perilous if either side should break faith. The native people were instructed to keep in the lower part of the building and to be absolutely quiet. At half after three the escort started. We were all tense, straining our ears for any sound. At the time for them to turn back, we heard a shot. I assure you, my knees shook under me. In a few minutes we saw the Americans coming back alone. You can imagine our eagerness to know what had happened. They reported that the two Armenians were waiting just inside the defenses. They started in our direction, Edith and Mr. Eby flanking them,  
*when*



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when suddenly a shot was heard and a bullet fell a foot in front of them. The Armenians fled to cover and our two people had to make their way alone as best they could over the mined places and barbed wire and back to us. Of course we shall never know from which side the bullet came, although we have our suspicions. Jevan was very angry and takes out some of his feelings on us. Now, he says all thought of compromise is over, the city will be taken and every one put to the sword.

*May Sixteenth*

We are wonderfully fortunate in our little garden. Under the care of Edith and Miss Super, the lettuce and radishes are doing finely. We have had the latter for some days and this noon we had our first salad. It seems to me I never tasted anything so delicious as the five small leaves that were my share. I have longed for something not canned. It seems strange that we can be interested in such comparatively unimportant things but I suppose it is our salvation. I sometimes feel as if I should lose my mind when I think of your anxiety while I am powerless to get any word to you. Perhaps the whole world is in upheaval. This is foolish but it is one of the days when I feel desperate. I don't know why I go on with this record—there is so little probability that I shall live or that you  
*will*



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will ever read it. Strangely enough, it is a comfort to put down things as they happen, so I suppose I shall go on as long as it is possible.

The month of Ramazan has begun and it makes us doubly anxious. During the four weeks, all true Moslems will not touch food nor drink from early morning light until after dark. It is very hot now and the men are apt to grow irritated under the strain. Soldiers are not compelled to observe the fast but the simple, ignorant villagers who make up the largest part of the force are exceedingly strict. It will be difficult for the officers to hold them here, for even if they stay through Ramazan, they are determined to get to their homes to celebrate the feast of Bairam. For this reason night attacks on the city are made more frequently but with little success.

### *May Eighteenth*

Again I must write of our garden. We are overjoyed in the discovery of a new kind of food. We have all been taking a turn at the weeding—we can let no natives help—and this morning we learned from one of the women at the oven that the weed that is most abundant is edible. It is called “panjar” and is like beet greens. It is one of the kinds of grass the Armenians ate in exile. I  
*boiled*

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boiled some for our dinner and it was delicious.  
We shall be sorry when the weeding is over.

*May Nineteenth*

Jevan spent last evening with Enver in the clinic house, where they drank until nearly midnight. The law of the Koran against drinking is a dead letter to many Moslems. The leaders have been very frank in showing their indifference toward the faith of Islam although they find it useful in holding the simple peasants in control. As the voices of the men in the house so near us grew loud and angry, it didn't make Edith and me feel any too comfortable. We tried not to think how easy it would be for them to get so lost in their cups that they would forget their promises and let themselves and their men loose on the compound. We ought not to let our faith grow faint for if any one could ever say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," we are the ones to echo the words. I try to hold my mind steady and not think about a massacre here but sometimes it is impossible. If such a thing comes to pass, my prayer is that, if I can do nothing to help, I may be killed first. I can't see the children suffer. My soul cries out against such torment. To what end have they been saved? Many of them were such wild little creatures only a few months ago, and now, clothed, fed, their minds and souls expanding, are they finally to be sacrificed? Oh! I can't bear it.

*May*

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*May Twentieth*

I feel calmer this morning, ashamed of my lack of faith. The day is beautiful, the sky a heavenly blue where little lazy white clouds float like ships at sea. When the daffodils blossomed, they were in too exposed a place for us to gather them but now the rose bushes are full of buds and we are waiting eagerly for the blossoms. The children are good in their crowded quarters. The confinement is telling on them and my little Mihran is looking wan, more like the solemn little fellow who came to us six months ago. I am full of admiration for the teachers who hold themselves quiet and, without their help, we would find it almost impossible to care for the host within our gates. Alethea, who was so buoyant when she came with me from Constantinople, now has hollow cheeks and shadows under her eyes but she never falters. Josephine, the one I told you about who had such wonderful experiences in Caesarea at the time of the deportations, is remarkable in the confidence she expresses that help will come before long.

*May Twenty-first*

I have said nothing about the way we manage about drinking water for the people. After the death of Sachian we were afraid to let the natives go to the spring which is just beside the little gate  
*but*

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but inside the wall. Our program has been this: directly after supper Miss Bredemas and I take to the spring all the satters (pails) we can gather and fill them, and then, when it is almost dark, we get three of the medium sized girls and have them carry the full receptacles to the house, to fill the immense jars that stand on the back porch. As quickly as possible we refill the empty vessels which they bring back to us and this goes on until the big jars are full. Sometimes, when the days are unusually hot, the jars run dry and then one of the Americans makes several trips to help quench thirst. Last night was the first time when we had any trouble. A stone, thrown by an unseen hand, hit my shoulder but it came with little force so we thought it must have been tossed over the wall. I was not hurt but it adds to our uneasiness.

*May Twenty-second*

If the Turks expect to take the city they will have to get more effective cannon. From the dining room windows we can see where many of the shells fall. The Turks report great damage done but most of the buildings within our line of vision are intact. We surmise, from some remarks let fall, that there is a scarcity of ammunition both for cannon and guns. The men are always talking of powerful cannon that are on the way but, up to this time, we are of the opinion that there is only  
*one*

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one here and that the others will never materialize. Hadjin looks like a city of the dead. There is an occasional wisp of smoke from a housetop but neither with the naked eye nor with glasses can we see a moving figure. We can make out the tops of covered roadways so that we think of the people as burrowing like moles under the surface of the ground.

*May Twenty-fifth*

There is no change in our situation. Our visitors bring us all kinds of stories of the outside world, the latest being that the United States, Germany and Turkey have formed an alliance. We listen and appear impressed.

*May Twenty-sixth*

I have rationed our sugar supply, counting that by the first of July, help must come. I opened the last can of tomatoes yesterday and there are only a few cans of peas and string beans left. This morning when I went down to the hasna (store-room), I wondered what I could possibly find for desert. I looked at the shelves, which closely resembled those of Mother Hubbard, thinking that perhaps if I looked hard enough, something would evolve itself out of thin air. The most surprising thing happened; suddenly I spied a glass jar in a dark corner and, taking it up to the kitchen, I  
*found*

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found it contained mulberries. It stands to reason that I put them up last summer but I can't for the life of me recall doing it.

*May Twenty-eighth*

It is wonderful that none of us have been ill. Perhaps the reason is that none of us can be spared. Mrs. Eby has had one or two bad days with her heart but that is not unusual for her and can't really be counted. The last few days have been exceedingly hot and I find myself exhausted by night.

*May Thirtieth*

Nothing new. The attitude of the Turks is about the same. They are suspicious and we have been accused of signaling to Hadjin. When Edith was in the city at the time of the last armistice, she begged the Armenians not to try to take the compound from the Turks. Some of the young men offered to try to oust the Turks from this position. Edith impressed upon them the danger in which we should be placed if such a thing was attempted. Naturally, it is difficult for them to realize that we are able to protect the women and girls.

*May Thirty-first*

Now that the trees are in leaf the Turks move about more freely for both trees and bushes give  
*them*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

them cover and they take their horses down to the stream without danger. It is maddening to think of the ripening cherries which we shall never touch. The Turks tell us that they call across to the Armenians saying that they will stay until the grapes are ripe if the city holds out. We wonder what our poor friends in the city are having to eat. They told Edith that they had a good reserve but this hardly seems possible to us. Nine weeks ago the Turks took possession and twelve weeks ago we had our last post and we seem no nearer a solution than at the beginning. We regret that Ayesha is so strict a Moslem, for the food is difficult to manage. She holds to the time honored test that she must eat in the morning when it is so dark that she can't tell a white thread from a black. Light comes early and she frequently wakes up too late but she is so faithful she won't take a bite until after nightfall. Fortunately Jennet is too young to fast, at least Ayesha agrees that this is true, and that simplifies matters a bit.

### *June Third*

Miss Super is having her hands full with several Turks who have bad wounds. It is an odd position to be doctor for the Turkish troops but the men frankly say their doctor knows nothing.

*June*



## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

### *June Tenth*

It has come at last; what we feared has happened. Night before last a company of Armenians fought their way out to the compound and overpowered the Turks. At two o'clock yesterday morning we heard frightful sounds, cries like war whoops of Indians and rapid fire of guns. The voices sounded like those of Armenians but we were not sure. Edith and I, with trembling hands, dressed just before the gates were battered down and the doors of the building torn from their hinges. There was a sound of rushing men in the halls and on the stairs and we did not know whether they were Moslems or Armenians. Edith ran out and heard the men calling the names of the teachers and girls. It appears that the Turks had taunted the Armenians across the trenches at night saying, "We have taken girls from the compound." The hot bloods among the men, almost crazed by the thought of what might have happened, crept down the valley and made their way up to the compound and there, finding a small number of Turks on guard, killed some and wounded others. The Turks who were left fled up the mountain, leaving the Armenians in control. These poor deluded men don't know what they have done. They do know that every woman and girl is unharmed but they also understand that we can no longer protect them. It is plain to us that the Turks will come back and when they do what influence shall we have? The

*entire*

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entire situation is changed. Before this no guns had been fired in the compound and now it has been the fighting ground of both sides. The Armenians say they will hold it against the Turks. Our position is hideous. After a consultation, in which as usual we included Matteos and Minas, we decided that the only thing to do was to send all the native people, with the exception of the Turkish girls, to Hadjin. There is protection there of a material kind. The moral force which we exerted is now useless. This rushing the compound was an act of the Armenians deplored by us and now their own are safer with them than with us. In the excitement of the early morning all of the refugee families and some of the orphans ran to the city. Many of the people from Hadjin came out to satisfy themselves that we had not been killed by the Turks. It is a terrible thing to have our teachers and children go but more terrible to have them stay. While it is still day we will keep them here but when it begins to grow dark they must leave. We feel sure the Turks will not return until night. The Armenians, against our wishes, are establishing themselves in the buildings, bringing in bags of stones to make barricades at the windows from behind which they can fire. Every little while a bullet comes through the wall of some room for the Turks are shooting from the heights. I can't bear to look at our children. What is their fate to be? Satanik  
*brought*

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brought Elmas and little Mary to me to say good bye. I tied fresh white tape on their hair and held them in my arms, feeling that my heart would break. Satanik was dear and brave; she says she will take care of them. Just at dusk we started the sad procession. They all looked white and frightened as each one, carrying a bundle of clothing and a dish and spoon, came to us to make his or her salaam. Men are coming out tonight, if possible, to carry in what food we have. The people can't understand why we stay. They have offered us the best they have in the city with pathetic earnestness. We have explained that we must be true to what we have said, that we take no sides. We are Americans on American property and we want to stay here alone. Of course, if the Armenians insist on remaining and if they fire from our buildings, our neutrality is affected. We shall be accused of inviting the attack. The people say to us, "In any case, the Moslems will not spare you now, you will be killed if they come back." We recognize that this is possible but there is no other course for us. As far as I am concerned I would rather take my chances here. \* \* \* \*  
Most of the food was taken to the city and by midnight the Turkish fire seemed to come from a nearer point. In the early morning, several bombs were thrown at our buildings but they went over us and exploded down in the valley. We have now taken the two girls and gone down to the lower  
*floor*

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floor. I am writing in the hall—the safest place we can find. There are no windows, only the outside door at one end. The men are firing from the upper windows and from behind bags of stones in doorways. I tried to get some food for us in the kitchen and a bullet sang past my cheek, burying itself in the opposite wall. The walls are becoming riddled with shot. They tell us there are Turks lying killed near the house, the result of the fighting night before last and I know there is a dead Armenian near us, for the body has just been carried down the stairs and put on the floor of one of the rooms. “Black Death” is the name of the Armenian in command. He is one of the gamavoors and a frightful looking man with a big squatty figure. He has shaggy black hair and he is cross-eyed. He sings snatches of song in a reverberating bass. The sound sends shivers through me and Edith says he is calling down dreadful curses on the Turks. \* \* \* \* The soldiers say we must find some safer place to stay than this hall. Edith has suggested the hasna leading off from the long stairway that goes down to the big dining room. This is a small room and has no outside wall and no windows. At the far end of the ceiling there is an iron grating which is in the floor of one of the upstairs rooms. A little light comes through and a little air so that we can manage. There are some big jars and boxes stored there but, by moving these back, we shall have

*room*

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room for the eight of us. We have brought two mattresses down and there is space to spread them so that we shall be able to take turns in lying down. We have also managed to get a little food from the kitchen.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have left the hall and are all sitting on the stairs near the entrance to the hasna. We don't know when the Turks may attack at closer range. Ayesha and Jennet are splendid. They do exactly as they are told. Jennet is very quick witted and she has made suggestions as to what she might do if the Turks break in.



## CONCLUSION

Now that I am in America again, I must put my thoughts in order and write the story of the last days in the compound and, finally, our journey cross country to the Black Sea. Those days and nights in the hasna stand out with such vividness that, in recalling them, I can smell again the odors of that close place and feel the shudders that passed through me during the hot June days. All through Thursday and until the late afternoon on Friday, the Armenians kept up the fight. We never knew when the Turks might come swarming down into the compound and into the building. We fancied them rushing down the stairway, possibly heralding their approach by the throwing of bombs. We stayed closely in the hasna but we had a plan ready. If they came running down, with only guns and knives, we hoped to have time to get our small American flag and a piece of white cloth, to serve as a truce flag, over the top of the door so that, seeing that sign of Americans, they would halt before shooting. The Turkish girls were to call and tell them who were in the hasna. This seemed our only chance. In the meantime bullets rattled like  
*rain*



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rain for a machine gun had been trained on the building. Wounded Armenians came to have their heads and arms bound by Miss Super. The stairs became bloody and flies gathered until the humming was sickening. It was very hot and, although we had some food, we could not eat. Between four and five o'clock Friday afternoon, the Armenians, their ammunition having given out, slipped down the back way and, as far as we know, using the bushes for cover, hid until they could in the darkness get back through the valley to the city. The silence that followed was only a little more fearful than the sound of firing over our heads had been. We took turns, two at a time, in sitting on the stairs and listening for the sound of feet. Edith and Mr. Eby crept upstairs and across the floor of the dormitory to the windows. There they hung out the American flag and called, "There are no Armenians here. We are six Americans and two Moslems. We are friends—come." There was no reply.

From time to time on Saturday, this call was repeated but silence reigned. Firing on the city ceased but occasionally a bullet hit our building. This happened when anyone appeared at door or window. We tried this several times and knew that they were watching. Sunday morning, June thirteenth, at half after six, there was a shout from the direction of the Turks. Our answering call went back. Gradually the voices sounded nearer  
*and*

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and Edith and Mr. Eby went into the compound and in a few moments several Turks entered, followed at a short distance by others. As they came close and no shots were fired from our building, other Turks climbed over the walls. The leader was a wild looking man whom we recognized as "Arab Ali." With his peculiar flowing head-dress and his knives, he was a horrid sight. Quickly the men poured into the house while we eight stood in a group near the door. Mrs. Eby offered a glass of water to the leader which he waved aside. This was not a good sign because if an oriental accepts food or drink at your hands he must be friendly. Edith and I stood close together and she said in an undertone, "I don't know what he intends." The men ranged themselves about us and Arab Ali, addressing Edith, said that we had betrayed them by signaling to the Armenians to attack. He would listen to no denial and the end appeared to have come, when Enver Bey came running into the compound. As we were led to understand later, it was not the plan of those in command to have Arab Ali and his men come in, but they, eager to be first in getting the loot, disobeyed orders.

NOTE—*Weeks later in Talas, Edith received a call from a Turk who told her that it was the definite plan of these men to kill the Americans. Their hands were held.*

Enver took Ali to one side and there followed a heated discussion. Finally we were told that we  
*must*

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must leave at once. We could have two hours to get together what we needed. I looked at my watch—half after seven—and ran to the Martin house where I had most of my belongings. The men had scattered at once into the buildings and before I could take my riding skirt from its hook, one of them had anticipated me. I was too quick for another and seized a pair of high shoes before he saw them. I opened one trunk and trying to think what I most needed, knowing I could carry little, I tossed the contents about. Looking up, I saw a Turk standing beside me. I recognized him as one of the bandit chiefs who had often come to see us and who had always been friendly. Evidently the numbers were growing. Motioning to him to guard the trunk, I dashed into another room to search for some necessary things. He was honorable for, when I got back, nothing had been disturbed. To show my appreciation, I gave him my cherished Circassian bashlek, which he accepted with apparent gratitude, although I knew he was only waiting for me to go that he might strip the room. Men were everywhere; rolling up rugs; pulling down curtains; carrying bags of clothing; loading themselves down with bolts of cloth. I ran, with my arms full, back to the main building, where, spreading out my steamer rug, I made a package I could carry with a shawl strap. Edith was doing her best to collect some clothes and at the same time direct the Turkish girls about their  
*parcels.*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

parcels. There was gold that had been entrusted to us by Armenians of Hadjin. In our buying of food this had never been touched. Edith went to the dining room where the safe stood. Four bandits were there. Half kneeling, with her back to them, she turned the combination. One of the men said to the others, "She is getting the gold." A second man replied, "No, they have no gold; they paid with cloth." The men made no move in her direction and she took out the several packages and, dropping them in the saddle bag she carried, walked quietly out. As afterward we were never searched, the entire amount was finally taken to Constantinople.

In the meantime, realizing that the gingham dress I had on was not good for travel, I changed to my uniform although there were several Turks in the room and I chanced losing both costumes in the operation. This successfully accomplished, I was ready. The rest of the people were busy with their preparations. While Edith was trying to see how she could carry the big account books and was finding it impossible, Enver was dashing from one room to another calling to us, "Heidé—heidé" meaning "hurry, hurry." He evidently was afraid to trust the promises of Arab Ali who had gotten out of hand, exasperation added to his hatred by finding no Armenians hidden away. In less than the two hours granted, in fact at half after eight, urged on by Enver, we left the house. Bundles  
*of*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

of faggots were piled against the building and the Martin house was already breaking into flame. The men purposely frightened our horses so that we were unable to take them and, on foot, we hurried out of the compound; eight of us, one man, six women and a little girl. Wedged against the Marash gate lay a dead Moslem, but we managed to get past and on up the steep slope, with bullets flying over our heads and smoke and flames beneath us. Up, up we toiled the sharpest grade I ever knew, slipping back, pushing on, out of breath and panting. A few second's rest to ease the dry ache in the throat and the sharp pain in the chest, then on again, ever pressed by Enver's incessant "Heidé, heidé." Many of the looters took the same direction, and not far from me a bandit climbed, carrying his load and wearing my top coat over his shoulders. One man had among his possessions my patent leather bag and he indicated he would take my bundle too. I emphatically, with what breath I had, said "~~Gok~~" (no) and plodded on. Having rounded the shoulder of the mountain, we came to a somewhat level place and there Enver let us rest. In ten minutes we were up again. Ahead of us we saw Jevan. We wondered what his attitude would be. At first he turned and looked away and then he came toward us. He looked grim, not our friend of a few days before. Presently his face relaxed a little and he came to us with a word of greeting. This was all and we

*traveled*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

traveled on, seeing him as we turned around, again on his post of vantage, looking down on the compound. After a time we came to Enver's tent and there he let us rest and had youghoort brought to us. Enver, to my certain belief, was a bad man but he had a sense of gratitude and he was that day saving our lives in appreciation for what he felt Miss Super had done for him. Again the word came to go forward. We could never walk fast enough to suit Enver. Little Jenet was a delicate child and her strength all but gave out but she was plucky and, by dint of encouragement and various lifts, she struggled along. Now our path led down the mountain with bright flowers on either side that at any other time would have filled us with delight but now the thought of the journey's end was in our minds. By noon we came in sight of a gathering of tents and presently reached the Shar road where there was a small camp. We were invited into a tent and served with excessively sweet hot tea in glasses. We were told that dinner was being prepared for us. Rugs were spread in a shady place and an exceedingly good meal was served. As we were eating, we were surprised to have Hiaratoon Effendi suddenly appear, quite out of breath, wiping beads of perspiration from his forehead. He was kaimakam of Hadjin when I arrived, but he was replaced by the French with an Armenian. He had been living in Fekke and evidently had cast in his lot with the chettes.

*He*

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He said that he had heard what had happened and he wanted to be of help in any way he could. He stayed to visit with us while we wondered what the next move would be. Before long Enver came to say that we were to go to the commander's camp on another mountain side. We refused to walk further so horses and mules were found for us. It was difficult to manage with my narrow skirt and I mourned my stolen divided one as well as my own American saddle and bridle. However, this was a great improvement on walking and slowly our procession moved up the mountain. The views spread out before us were lovely but our hearts were like lead. It was growing dusk when we reached the height where we were received by Arslan Bey, the deputy commander. He said Doghan Bey was at Sis and, until he returned, it would be impossible to plan for our journey out. As we neared the camp we passed soldiers, many of whom laughed in an unpleasant way and I wondered what was in their minds. That night we all slept in the tent with the deputy commander and it was most uncomfortable. A shelter of boughs was built for us and there we spent Monday. We were treated kindly but the heat, the lack of privacy—for the men were always coming in—no opportunity to wash satisfactorily and the uncertainty of our situation got on our nerves.

*Late*



# LETTERS FROM CILICIA

Late in the afternoon, Doghan Bey returned. He was not suave as before and, after a word of prefatory greeting, he sent his secretary in to Edith, asking for a statement of what had happened in our compound between the 5th of April and the 13th of June. Edith dictated a short account but she gave no flowery praise to the Turks. The secretary, plainly not pleased, asked if she had no more to say and she answered that she had covered the ground. With this he had to be content. Doghan asked if we wished to go to Talas and, knowing this was the only place to which they would send us, we answered "Yes." We were promised an escort and horses for the following morning. That night, Monday, we again slept in the tent although I had hoped we might be allowed to stay in the shelter. Toward midnight the telephone began to ring and, from the replies that Arslan Bey mumbled into the receiver, Edith gained an inkling of the situation and whispered to me that there were desertions in the ranks. There was much loud talking and calling outside and the sound of running men. Putting on his sword and hanging a revolver at his belt, Arslan walked up and down in apparent unrest. We feared greatly that the Armenians were trying a rush attack on the place. After an hour the excitement ceased. Morning came and there was the usual delay about our getting off. Hiaratoon Ef-  
*Effendi*



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fendi and Shukre Bey, brother of Arslan, were appointed to be our escort, although there was some uncertainty for a time as to whether or not Hiaratoon would be allowed to go. We counted much on him for our safety. At last we started on our three days' journey. It was extremely hot and the sun beat down mercilessly through the middle of the day. We reached Roomloo in the early afternoon and there friends and relatives of Ayesha and Jenet gave us food and received the girls from us. We wanted to take them to the school in Talas but Doghan Bey had not given his permission. The first night we spent in the village of Dersoon Effendi, the fine Kurdish sheik who has always shown such friendship for the Americans in Hadjin. He greeted us with great kindness and entertained us in his house, where the best he had was set before us. He had sent word more than once, before the Turks surrounded us, to give warning of impending danger. He was honestly distressed by hearing all that had happened and tears came to his eyes as he listened. The following morning we made an early start for we had a long road ahead. Several times during the day we stopped at villages to relay horses. There was naturally much unwillingness on the part of the villagers and we were sorry for them but we had to go on and our escort had the arrangement of matters. Toward the end of our journey,

*we*

# LETTERS FROM CILICIA

we reached a village where the people were particularly opposed to letting their animals go and kept making excuses. Finally Hiaratoon, always excitable, threatened to burn the place. He even went so far as to set fire to one house and immediately horses were brought forth. The villagers also had to feed us. The third day at sunset we sighted Talas and it was a draggled, tired party that entered the hospitable compound. I had worn my black sailor hat: the beating sun had scorched my face to the color of mahogany and my lips were swollen and sore. Never did a bath seem so wonderful for we had not been able to take off our clothes for nine days and nights. Our bodies were at rest but our souls were bleeding. The thought of our teachers and children in the beleaguered city was with us day and night. In many ways it was a comfort to be as near them as Talas, but the unsettled state of that part of the country made it best for us to go on to Constantinople. Edith, with her fine knowledge of the language, insisted on staying where she would be able, if Hadjin were relieved, to go to the children. There were plenty of workers in Talas and Miss Super and I were not needed. The conditions and word that had come from headquarters made it seem possible that orders to evacuate might come at any time and it was best for us not to add to the complication. The other three were anxious  
to

## LETTERS FROM CILICIA

to get to the coast to report to their Board in America. After five days of rest, transportation men of the Near East Committee, passing through Talas with a motor truck, took us by way of Sivas and Tokat to Samsoon on the Black Sea, a journey of three and a half days. We traveled over roads built under German supervision and saw bodies of cars lying by the side of the way, abandoned by the Germans in their mad flight when they realized that their's was a lost cause. This part of the journey was through territory where Mustapha Kemal was in control, and traveling with Turkish permits was comparatively safe. The Russian boat which called at Samsoon two days after our arrival did not tempt me, so, having been able to send a cable to relieve the minds of my family, I waited a week and then made quick time to Constantinople on an American destroyer which accepted me as the sole woman passenger. Since reaching America there have been many rumors as to what was happening in Hadjin but late in the fall it was definitely learned that October 15th, the Turks, becoming desperate, brought up heavy guns and, with the population so weakened in numbers and in strength that they could put up no resistance, captured the city in a few hours. The place was set on fire and those who escaped the flames were cut down with the sword. A few hundred fought their way out. In no massacre is  
*everyone*

## L E T T E R S      F R O M      C I L I C I A

everyone killed, but to the present day we know of only two or three of our girls who are alive. And that is all.

Is that all? Through the long days of March, April, May and half of June, we said over and over, "To what end have they been saved? Have they suffered and almost died in exile—been brought back to life—given hope and happiness, only to die in cruel ways? To what end have they been spared?" I see Rahel, hopeless looking with her matted hair and her wild ways when she came to us. I see her at the end of a few months, proud of her neat braids and full of eagerness to take her share of responsibility. I see Rupen, repulsive to such a degree that we felt we could not keep him with the other children, but so responding to love and kindness that he was quickest of all the boys to lift his cap when any of us appeared and anxious to be counted worthy to serve.

I wonder if those months were given to us and to them to make them better citizens in the heavenly country to which they have gone.

I wonder!











